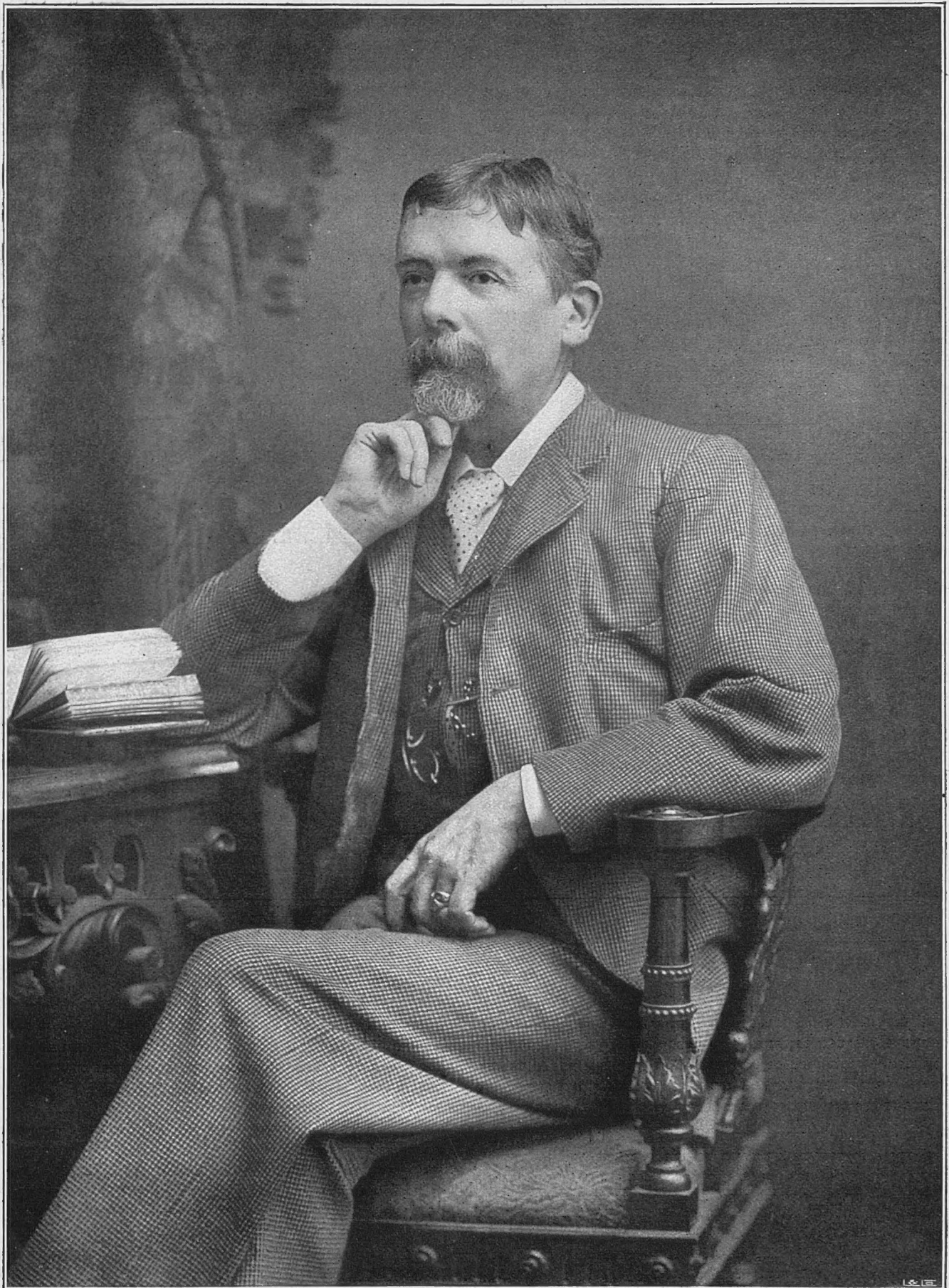




No. 194.—VOL. XV.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1896.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



THE LATE MR. GEORGE DU MAURIER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALERY, REGENT STREET, W.

A NEW MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN.

Its name is the *Lady's Realm*. Its proprietors and publishers are the Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. Its general editor is Mr. W. H. Wilkins, a man of many activities, who the other day received a *Sketch* representative and most kindly gave him a very full account of the new venture.

"The idea," Mr. Wilkins confessed, "originated with the Messrs. Hutchinson, and, on discovering that I had a somewhat similar scheme, they proposed that I should set to work to bring the thing into shape. That was about Easter."

"And that idea was—?"

"That ladies have long felt the need of a good magazine which would keep their tastes and requirements specially in view. The *Lady's Realm* is designed to meet this requirement, and while it follows 'popular' lines, it will, at the same time, endeavour to strike a higher note. In a word, it will be literary, but always popular."

Together we discussed an "advance" copy, along with an inappropriate but irresistible cigarette.

"This article," I remarked to the editor as we turned his

attractive pages, "is sure to be of interest, 'The Childhood and Youth of the Princess of Wales.'"

"The more so," he returned, "that it has been written on the spot. It is signed, you see, 'An Englishwoman in Denmark.' In similar articles I shall follow the same plan. The writers must have personal knowledge. In the Christmas Number we shall give a special account of the Empress of Russia, by one versed in diplomacy."

"Your contributors, literary and artistic, are certainly distinguished," I continued, as I read at random the names of the Duchess of Somerset, Marie Corelli, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, Marcus Stone, S. R. Crockett, and Lady Currie.

"You see, however," replied Mr. Wilkins, "that we do not go merely by names, for our contributors have all sufficiently proved their skill with pen or pencil. I should like you to notice our special permanent 'features.' There are seven departments: 'Fashions,' 'The Great World,' 'The Temple of Hymen,' 'The Home Beautiful,' 'Incomes for Ladies,' 'The Mirror of Venus,' 'The Cuisine.' These subjects, as a mere man, I don't pretend to understand, so in each I have the valuable assistance of a lady editor. The social chronicle is brightly written by a lady of rank, whose name I mustn't reveal; Mrs. Haweis writes on 'Home Decoration,' Mrs. de Salis superintends 'The Cuisine.' I am deeply indebted to all my contributors for their assistance. To the Duchess of Somerset, to Lady Granby, and to Lady Warwick I owe a special debt of gratitude for their kind interest and help. Miss Corelli, too, has taken the liveliest interest in the venture. Her story so fascinated her that she far exceeded the limits she at first set herself. Of course, we were only too glad."

"Mr. Hutchinson has just been telling me," I remarked, "that the story would have made a considerable book, of which 50,000 copies would have been sold."

"That I can believe. And no doubt Mr. Hutchinson has told you one or two interesting technical points, about the paper, for instance? That it is of a kind never before used? Yes, it has a marvellous surface, equally coated by a secret process for blocks, I understand, and at last Messrs. Hazell, Watson, and Viney, our printers, are satisfied that they have found the perfect paper for illustrations."

"Mr. Hutchinson also told me," I continued, "of the gratifying reception the trade is giving to the *Lady's Realm*. A leading house has, I hear, ordered 20,800 copies of the first number. You will not, of course, 'discourage' men writers?"

"Not at all; but the *Lady's Realm* will be, first and always, a woman's paper. By-the-by, the vexed questions of 'sex' will be ruled out of court; nor will the tendency, again, be 'precious,' but popular. The magazine will be essentially for refined and cultivated women—that is to say, it will appeal to all women."

"Even the woman 'which is also called' 'new'?"

"Won't you take another cigarette?"

"Thank you very much. As we were saying—?"

"We publish about the middle of this month; the day is not finally fixed. It should not be forgotten that the price is sixpence."

Then, wishing Mr. Wilkins the best of luck, I said good-bye.



THE REVIVAL OF "THE HOBBY-HORSE."

It is almost ten years to a day (actually Oct. 23, 1886) since Mr. Pinero's comedy "The Hobby-Horse" was produced under the Hare and Kendal management at the St. James's Theatre. A hundred and nine performances of it were given; but there were those that believed it merited a far longer run. And they were right. Ten years ago "The Hobby-Horse" was a little too previous. To-day the stage has come quite into line with it, as Mr. Hare discovered when he revived the piece in America a few months ago. Prior to leaving for the States again he has been playing "The Hobby-Horse" in a repertoire programme in the provinces, and last week he gave the people of Islington the benefit of it at the Grand Theatre. Cramped houses were the result. And little wonder, for Mr. Pinero's play is a very striking bit of comedy, though it is comedy of the kind "The Benefit of the Doubt" was, just verging close enough upon the real and the cruel. It has its moments of unpleasantness, for Mr. Pinero started a proposition that was rather too weighty for his method of treatment ten years ago. You will see from the following comparison of the two casts, separated by a whole decade, that there are many changes.

Character.	Original Cast.	Present Cast.
Rev. Noel Brice	Mr. Waring (Haymarket) ..	Mr. Frank Gillmore.
Mr. Spencer Jermyu	Mr. Hare	No change.
Mr. Pinching	Mr. C. W. Somerset (Adelphi) ..	Mr. Fred Kerr.
Mr. Shattoch	Mr. W. Mackintosh (Adelphi) ..	Mr. Charles Groves.
Mr. Pews	Mr. Hendrie (On Tour)	Mr. Charles Goid.
Mr. Lynn	Mr. W. M. Catheart	No change.
Mr. Moulter	Mr. Thomas	No change.
Mr. Tom Clark	Mr. Fuller Mellish (Lyceum) ..	Mr. Gilbert Hare.
Hewett	Mr. Albert Sims	Mr. Vivian Reynolds.
Tiny Lando	Master Reel	Master Atkinson.
Mrs. Jermyu	Mrs. Kendal (On Tour)	Miss May Harvey.
Mrs. Porcher	Mrs. Gaston Murray (dead) ..	Miss Susie Vaughan.
Miss Moxon	Mrs. Tree (On Tour)	Miss Mona K. Oram.
Bertha	Miss Webster (On Tour)	Miss Maud Welman.
Mrs. Landon	Miss B. Huntley (On Tour) ..	Miss Macgillivray.

Mr. Hare's Spencer Jermyu is a very crisp bit of acting; it is too memorable to be descanted on here. The revelation of the performance was the extraordinarily brilliant work of Miss May Harvey as the philanthropic young matron. It is the widest gamut of emotion that the part runs through, and yet you felt the true ring was there in every note of this fine actress; nothing jarred—it was a perfect unity of high endeavour. Mr. Charles Groves was admirable as the jockey Shattoch, and the rest of the cast need not be particularised, beyond saying that it was all on very high lines. When one finds the provinces and the suburban theatres crowding to see Mr. Hare, it is a bitter reproach that London and the Garrick cannot keep him, that he must perforce go elsewhere. This is a play; this is acting. "The Hobby-Horse" makes the dreary drivel that has driven it out in too many a theatre hang its head in shame—if it can be shamed.

"THE BELLE OF CAIRO," AT THE COURT.

The title has a pleasant flavour of romance, and I could tell the tale of the new musical farce, not untruthfully, so as to suggest that it is a tender Egyptian love idyll. Yet, I fear, no one would pretend that such a description can honestly be given of the work of the ingenious Mr. Cecil Raleigh and Mr. Kinsey Peile. It has some prettiness and a few pleasant notes of Oriental charm, but, in the main, relies on the sort of humour fully exploited by the other members of the hybrid form of entertainment that has killed comic opera and almost scotched the drama. We are growing somewhat nicely critical about this form of humour, and even demand some style and finish in the lyrics. Of such qualities there is no trace at all in the efforts of Mr. Peile, who seems to rhyme "wi' deeficulty" and apparently possesses absolutely no sense of rhythm.

I should like to know what would have been the impression created by "The Belle" had it been given two years ago, ere the glut in the market. As it is, despite some agreeable features, the entertainment hardly rises above the average. There are some amusing numbers; Mr. Arthur Nelstone, an indiarubber person who jumped eccentrically into fame—on a small scale—in "Jaunty Jane Shore," presented no small proportion of them successfully. Moreover, Miss Giulia Warwick, singing in the excellent style that has made her respected, gave no little pleasure. It was to be regretted that the music allotted to her was not more worthy. The utmost one can say of it is that it is tuneful in an unambitious style.

However, one recognises that in this class of work the real question, as a rule, is, "What sort of a part has So-and-so?" The "So-and-so," of course, is Miss May Yohe in this instance, and she has a good part. Mr. John Peachey sang pleasantly as the hero. Possibly the best thing in the afternoon—after some charming scenic work by Mr. Henry Emden—was the clever acting of Mr. Eugene Mayeur in the character of a keeper of a gambling-saloon; the part was not very important, but it enabled him to do some clever character-work. Mr. Charles Wibrow acted with some skill.

The death of Dr. Benson, the Archbishop of Canterbury, which took place on Sunday in Hawarden Church under the dramatic circumstances known to all our readers, will have caused widespread grief, by reason of Dr. Benson's sympathies with every class of the community. He was a worthy successor to Dr. Tait, and it will be difficult to fill his place. The latest portrait of the Archbishop was published in *The Sketch* of last week. It had been taken within the last three weeks, when his Grace was visiting the Archbishop of Dublin.

"THE BELLE OF CAIRO," AT THE COURT THEATRE.

Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



THE BRITISH ENCAMPMENT ON THE NILE: MISS MAY YOHE, DISGUISED AS A TRUMPETER, SINGING "THE BOYS OF GORDON'S HOME."



THE STREET SCENE IN CAIRO: SIR GILBERT FANE (MR. JOHN PEACHEY) SINGING THE SONG OF "THE PLUCKY ENGLISH SCHOOLBOY."

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"He'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

This afternoon, at the Café Royal, I observed a proud father sitting opposite to his son, a handsome little fellow whose chin barely surmounted the edge of the table. Under the benignant gaze of his parent, he was making a considerable meal, and papa, I noticed, was a trencherman of no mean capacity. To an unphilosophical vision it was doubtless a charming picture; indeed, I saw many glances of approbation in that direction; but to me, who had just been reading the lament of an eminent theatrical manager over the internecine war between our modern habit of dining and the higher drama, the little domestic scene had another aspect. I felt tempted to approach that father and say, "Sir, you are probably convinced that you are discharging a parental obligation by initiating your offspring into the pleasures of the table. Have you ever reflected that in time he will become a playgoer, that the serious drama, seeking to feed him with its finer fancies, will find an enemy in the taste you have implanted, that he will linger unconscionably over a late dinner, and habitually wind up the evening with the second act of a musical comedy instead of five acts of Shakspeare? Have you never thought that you do him wrong, being so young and plastic, to offer him this haunt of luxurious living, and encourage him to ply spoon and fork with the gusto of an infantine Lucullus?"

Nature has endowed me with an adventurous temperament and abstemious ways. Hence, I imbibed Shakspeare very early at the footlights, and took repeated doses of Ibsen without flinching. I do remember a certain afternoon with "Rosmersholm," when the prescription was rather like a sleeping draught; but I listened with lively interest to the Norwegian reveller in "An Enemy of the People," at the Haymarket, who, emerging from cold meat in the back-parlour, remarked that such a meal made him feel a new man. It struck me then that, to cultivate the serious drama in the proper spirit, you must habituate yourself to high-tea at a reasonable hour. That entertainment, I regret to say, has lost its vogue. Time was when Bohea and a cut from the cold joint recruited the pinions of the mind for nocturnal flight into the upper regions of poetry and philosophy. A hot viand of the simplest quality was not hostile to this ennobling purpose. I can imagine Mr. Tree summing up the ambition of the manager in this familiar catch—

A spacious house well filled,
A nice new play well billed,
A mutton chop well grilled,
For me, for me!

If only that were the creed of the playgoer now! If that urchin at the Café Royal were led to incline his appetite to this simple faith!

Still, Mr. Tree need not despair, for there is a prospect that the world will turn vegetarian. In some Paris theatres ladies are not admitted to the *parterre*, which presents a lugubrious spectacle of black coats and bald heads. I may live to see the day when only vegetarians will be permitted to adorn the London stalls, which will glow accordingly with beauty and vivacious intelligence. Mr. Gibson, the American artist, lately drew a picture which he called "At a London Theatre." It represented two typical playgoers, male and female, obviously overfed, gazing vacuously at the stage. That reproach will be taken from us when we are no longer carnivorous. Moreover, the prominent teeth which the foreigner always sees in the Englishwoman will disappear for lack of violent employment. Think, too, of the immense intellectual growth that must follow this far-reaching change. Has not a distinguished vegetarian told us that when he measures his mind against Shakspeare's he has the lowest opinion of that eater of beef? I know the passage in Shakspeare which gave Mr. Bernard Shaw this assurance of his own supremacy. "I can cut a caper," says Sir Andrew Aguecheek. "And I can cut the mutton to 't," says Sir Toby Belch, a huge feeder like Launcelot Gobbo. Take the eating and drinking out of Shakspeare, and what is left that can cross swords with the vegetarian intellect? Does not Shylock go so far as to commend the flesh of goats? Consider the nature of the goat, and ask yourself whether it is likely to inspire devotion to the problem-play!

I note in one of the magazines this month a statement that some of the vegetarian restaurants in London keep inner rooms where backsliders are provided with meat. This may be a calumny; if not, Mr. Shaw, having pulled down Shakspeare, had better take the managers of those restaurants in hand. The Israelites of old turned aside from the true dispensation to worship the golden calf. Here are professors of the vegetarian faith encouraging the renegade to batten on roast veal! Shakspeare, with

all his grossness at meals, had a presentiment of this, for he makes Hamlet reproach Gertrude with forsaking a diet of mountain for the coarse delights of a moor. To any commentator with a head on his shoulders the mountain must signify a cauliflower and the moor a degraded beefsteak. Even Mr. Shaw need not disdain to acknowledge that this interpretation may be of advantage in the work of educating a people who still cherish the convention that Shakspeare was a man of pre-eminent mind. In the great cause of winning playgoers from heavy dinners to the intellectual drama, the resources of opportunism must not be neglected. The antique joys of high-tea in the back-parlour may prevail upon some; the nobler evolution of vegetarianism may convert others.

There can be no fundamental antipathy between mastication and the serious play, or why did the pit and gallery of yore follow Shakspeare with oranges and gingerbread-nuts? Poesy, in those halcyon times, found a flourishing appreciation in a pot of porter. This suggests an idea which I offer to Mr. Tree and Mr. George Alexander with my respectful compliments. Why not wean the stalls from their late dinner by providing them with a toothsome repast in the course of the performance? Soup might be served during the overture, and four or five succeeding courses according to the number of acts. Thus, a five or six act play would mean a better dinner, more fees for the dramatist, and a great increase of the general contentment. Instead of conversation, as at the dinner-table, the stalls would have the dialogue on the stage, an obvious relief to many ornaments of society who find the mental effort of talking a serious discouragement to dining out. There is nothing extravagant in this plan; it is simply an amplification of the gingerbread-nuts. The practical details of commissariat, service, and so forth, might be safely left to the genius of the manager. My concern now is with the manifest advantages of the scheme: first, an excellent meal; secondly, a judicious play of ideas, gradually leading to an artistic blend of dramatic emotion and the *cuisine*; thirdly, the conversion of society to the serious drama through the medium of gastronomy. Voltaire's gibe, that Englishmen have thirty religions and only one sauce, would be pointless when confronted by eighteen scenes of Shakspeare with a sauce apiece!

Think of the scope and stimulus this would give to the playwright. In melodrama you would have the great cayenne scene, the melted butter climax, and a high-class treason to harmonise with the truffles. The subtler forms of dramatic writing would evoke ambition in the kitchen. There would be collaboration between the dramatist and the *chef*, and both would be entitled to the *cordons bleus*. For the problem-play there might be a *menu* of such rare contrivance that even "Rosmersholm" would leave the stalls with an appetite for more. I have sketched this project with a sincere regard for that elevation of public taste which the theatrical manager has at heart. Unless some bold experiment be made, we shall see the stage submerged by the genius of the music-hall. One of the tendencies of what is called education is to treat the theatre as the playground of the lighter caprices. When you hear a man expressing the firm conviction that the function of the theatre is to refresh the jaded mind with song and dance, you may be sure that he is the pride of some seat of learning. It is not the gilded youth about town, drawing nourishment from the knob of his cane, who is the chief patron of the drama that trips and carols; it is the hero of the University, the professor of abstruse science, the statesman, and the bookworm. Hence the fallacy of assuming that because there is a public for intellectual fiction, a public that breaks its mind on Mrs. Humphry Ward, and eagerly pursues the most wayward introspection of Mr. Thomas Hardy, the same public must yearn to fathom the depths of character and passion in the drama. Not so, for the earnest student of "Robert Elsmere" may be observed constantly at the Tivoli with that instructive work under his arm.

Is there an epidemic of corpulence? It is my business to go religiously through the magazines every month, and when I open them in turn, out drops a shower of leaflets certifying the astonishing efficacy of some remedy for obesity. This must have a painful interest for Mr. Tree, for nothing is so fatal to prolonged absorption in the poetic drama as a Falstaffian girth. Fat men, and such as sleep o' nights and after dinner, do not gravitate towards Ibsen. Here I perceive an obstacle to my scheme of the dining-drama, for if the stalls were too well fed, they might become obese! Thus are our most spiritual ideas hemmed about by gross tissue, and enterprises of great pith and moment choked in the embraces of the adipose! Can these advertisements which bestrew my floor be prophetic? I hasten to the mirror to view my contour, fearful lest a fading delicacy of curve may betray the advent of the enemy of serious playgoing. . . Ha! dreadful glass, avaunt!

EMPIRE.—EVERY EVENING, THE NEW GRAND BALLET,
LA DANSE.
LUMIERE'S CINEMATOGAPHE. GRAND VARIETIES. Doors open at 7.45.

ALHAMBRA.—EVERY EVENING, TWO NEW GRAND
BALLET. RIP VAN WINKLE and DONNYBROOK. Grand Varieties.
Prices 6d. to £3 3s. Open 7.30. ALFRED MOUL, General Manager.

INDIA AND CEYLON EXHIBITION.
EARL'S COURT. IMRE KIRALFY, Director-General.
Main Entrance: LILLIE ROAD, WEST BROMPTON.
Indian, Cingalese, and Burmese Palaces and Shops.
Mr. Imre Kiralfy's Great Spectacle
"India."
1500 Performers; 200 Chorus. Two performances daily, at 3.30 and 8 p.m.
Open 11 a.m. to 11.15 p.m. One Shilling.

INDIA AND CEYLON EXHIBITION.
Last Weeks of Lieutenant Dan Godfrey's appearance as Conductor of the Grenadier Guards Band
previous to his retirement from the Army.
Cold-cream Guards, Venanzzi's Orchestra, Empress, and other Bands Daily.

GIGANTIC WHEEL.—Last two weeks.
Two "Waverley" Bicycles will be given away this week and two next week.
Closes October 24, 1896.

CRYSTAL PALACE KENNEL CLUBS DOG SHOW.—Tuesday,
Wednesday, and Thursday next, Oct. 20, 21, and 22. Admission to Palace and Show
One Shilling each day. Open 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. on Tuesday and Wednesday, 10 till 6 on Thursday.

CYCLISTS are made up from all classes of the community, and yet
there is a subtle fascination in the sport which appeals to every rider of the wheel.
The subtle fascination of the "Humber" is irresistible. It is incomparably the pleasure
cycle.
Catalogues on application at 32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.
SPECIAL CHEAP RETURN TICKETS—

TO BRIGHTON.—EVERY WEEK-DAY First-Class Day Tickets
from Victoria 10.5 a.m. Fare, 12s. 6d., Pullman Car.

EVERY SATURDAY First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.40 and 11.40 a.m.; London
Bridge 9.25 a.m. and 12 noon. Fare, 10s. 6d., including Admission to Aquarium and Royal Pavillion.

EVERY SUNDAY First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m.
Fare, 10s.

EVERY FRIDAY, SATURDAY, and SUNDAY to Tuesday. Fares, 14s., 8s. 6d., 6s. 4d.

TO WORTHING.—EVERY WEEK-DAY First-Class Day Tickets
from Victoria 10.5 a.m. Fare, 13s. 6d., including Pullman Car to Brighton.

EVERY SATURDAY Cheap First Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.40 a.m. Fare, 11s.

EVERY SUNDAY First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.45 a.m. Fare, 13s., including
Pullman Car to Brighton.

EVERY FRIDAY, SATURDAY, and SUNDAY to Tuesday. Fares, 11s., 9s. 6d., 7s.

TO HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, AND EAST-
BOURNE.—Fast Trains every Week-day.

FROM VICTORIA—9.50 a.m., 12 noon, 1.30 p.m., and 3.22 p.m.; also 4.30 p.m. and 5.10 p.m., to
Eastbourne only.

FROM LONDON BRIDGE—10.5 a.m., 12.3 p.m., 2.5 p.m., 4.5 p.m., and 5.5 p.m.

CHEAP TICKETS, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Monday by certain trains only. To
Hastings or St. Leonards, 18s., 13s., 9s. To Bexhill or Eastbourne, 16s., 11s. 6d., 8s.

PARIS.—SHORTEST and CHEAPEST ROUTE, via NEWHAVEN,
DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Two Special Express Services (Week-days and Sundays).

London to Paris.		(1 & 2)	(1, 2, 3)	Paris to London.		(1 & 2)	(1, 2, 3)
Victoria ..	dep.	10 0 a.m.	9 45 p.m.	Paris ..	dep.	10 0 a.m.	9 0 p.m.
London Bridge ..	arr.	10 0 ..	9 55 ..	London Bridge ..	arr.	7 0 p.m.	7 40 a.m.
Paris ..	arr.	7 0 p.m.	7 45 a.m.	Victoria ..	arr.	7 0 ..	7 50 ..

FARES.—Single: First, 34s. 7d.; Second, 25s. 7d.; Third, 18s. 7d. **Return:** First, 58s. 3d.;
Second, 42s. 3d.; Third, 33s. 3d. A Pullman Drawing-room Car runs in the First and Second
Class Train between Victoria and Newhaven.

BRIGHTON AND PARIS.—In connection with the Day Express Service, a Special Train leaves
Brighton 10.30 a.m. for Newhaven Harbour, returning at 5.20 p.m.

FOR full particulars of availability of all above Cheap Tickets, see
Hand-bills.

(By Order) ALLEN SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

IMPROVED WEEK-DAY SERVICE of EXPRESS TRAINS to the WINTER HEALTH
RESORTS in the WEST of ENGLAND

		Corridor Train.				Night Mail.			
		a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	midnight.
PADDINGTON ..	dep.	9 0	10 30	11 35	11 45	1 20	3 0	5 45	9 0
Torquay ..	arr.	3 5	4 14	4 30	5 26	6 54	8 8	11 50	3 40
Newquay	6 20	..	8 32	9 51
Falmouth	6 35	..	8 45	10 15	..	7 0	10 2
St. Ives	7 5	..	9 20	7 35	11 8
Penzance	6 58	..	9 13	7 25	11 3

† SLEEPING-CARRIAGES (First Class) are run on these trains.

* Sundays excepted.

‡ DINING-CAR, LONDON TO BRISTOL.

These places afford the invalid a choice of equable climates, without the drawbacks of long and
fatiguing travel and foreign languages.
J. L. WILKINSON, General Manager.

CHAPPELL AND CO.'S NEW MUSIC.

THE GAY PARISIENNE.

Musical Comedy by George Dance and Ivan Caryll.

Vocal Score ..	6s. net
Piano Solo ..	3s. "
Sister Mary Jane's Top Note ..	2s. "
Separate Songs ..	2s. "
Dance Music ..	2s. "
Godfrey's Selection ..	2s. "

*Now being performed at the Duke of York's Theatre with the
Greatest Success.*

TWELVE POPULAR SONGS.

A May Morning ..	L. Denza.
The Hum of Bees ..	J. L. Molloy.
A Spring Song ..	Franco Leoni.
The Bandolero ..	Leslie Stuart.
The Old Soldier ..	Fred Beran.
Trankadillo ..	J. L. Molloy.
The Lights of Home ..	Hope Temple.
This Green Lane ..	Edith Cooke.
Did One But Know ..	Maude V. White.
My Dreams ..	Paolo Tosti.
On Lido Waters ..	Paolo Tosti.
Where Leafland Lies ..	Franco Leoni.

2s. each, net.

LORD HENRY SOMERSET'S BEST SONGS

Echo ..	2s. net.
Hush Me o' Sorrow ..	2s. "
All Thro' the Night (Sacred) ..	2s. "

All the above in Keys to suit all voices.

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street, W.

HODDER & STOUGHTON'S NEW BOOKS.

NOW READY.

CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË AND HER CIRCLE.

By CLEMENT K. SHORTER. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

IAN MACLAREN.

KATE CARNEGIE AND THOSE MINISTERS.

By IAN MACLAREN, Author of "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush,"
"The Days of Auld Lang Syne," &c. Crown 8vo, 6s.

DAVID LYALL.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL. By DAVID LYALL.

Crown 8vo, 6s.

W. J. DAWSON.

THE STORY OF HANNAH. By W. J. DAWSON.

Author of "London Idylls," &c. Crown 8vo, 6s.

London: HODDER and STOUGHTON, 27, Paternoster Row.

MISS BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

In One Volume, 6s. Just Published.

LONDON PRIDE.

A Novel, by the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Sons of Fire," &c., &c.

London: SIMPKIN and CO., Ltd., and all Booksellers.

THE HOTEL BELGRAVIA,

VICTORIA STREET, S.W.

(Quite close to Victoria Station.)

The handsomely furnished Enclave Suites of this Hotel provide either Temporary or
Permanent

HOMES WITHOUT A HOUSEHOLD CARE.

To be LET by the day, week, month, or year.

Also single Bedrooms.

Electric Light. Night Porter.

American "Otis" Elevators.

TABLE D'HOTE AT SEPARATE TABLES OPEN TO
NON-RESIDENTS.

Excellent Cuisine. Choice Wines.

Telegraphic Address—"Belgravia, London."

Telephone No. 3083.

THE PROSPECTUS WILL BE ISSUED SIMULTANEOUSLY IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

The Subscription List opened on Monday, October 12, 1896, and closes To-Day, Wednesday, October 14, 1896, for London and Country, and on or before Saturday, October 17, for France.

CLÉMENT, GLADIATOR, and HUMBER (FRANCE), Limited.

Registered under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890.

SHARE CAPITAL - - £900,000,

Divided into 200,000 Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each (preferential as to Capital as well as Dividend), and 700,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each.

The above Shares are payable 5s. on Application, 5s. on Allotment, and the balance on November 12, 1896.

DIRECTORS.

THE RIGHT HON. EARL DE LA WARR, Chairman of the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company, Limited, Chairman.

THE HON. DEREK KEPPEL, 53, Lowndes Square, London, S.W.

HENRY ERNEST WATSON, General Manager of the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company (France), Limited.

*Monsieur ADOLPHE CLÉMENT, Directeur de la Société des Vélocipèdes Clément.

*Monsieur A. DARRACQ, Directeur de la Société Française des Cycles Gladiator.

* MARTIN D. RUCKER, Managing Director of Humber and Co., Limited.

* Will join the Board after Allotment.

BANKERS.

England—LLOYDS BANK, LIMITED, 222, Strand, London, and their Agents in } and ALL
Ireland—THE BANK OF IRELAND, Dublin, } BRANCHES.

Paris { Applications will be received and receipts issued at the { 20, Rue Brunel.
following Offices— { 18, Boulevard Montmartre.
{ 19, Rue du Quatre Septembre.

SOLICITORS.

JOHN B. PURCHASE, 11, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

ARTHUR T. ASHWELL, Nottingham.

BROKERS.

GEORGE WHITEHEAD and CHOWN, 23, Bucklersbury, London, E.C.

W. WILSON and SON, 36, College Green, Dublin.

HENRY SCHUHMAN et CIE, 56, Rue de la Victoire, Paris.

W. and F. CUTHBERT, Colmore Row, Birmingham.

ARTHUR E. BLAKE, Prudential Buildings, Nottingham.

AUDITORS.—MELLORS, BASDEN, and MELLORS, St. Within's Lane, London, E.C.

SECRETARY (pro tem).—S. OXENBURGH.

REGISTERED OFFICES.—28, ELY PLACE, LONDON, E.C.

P R O S P E C T U S .

This Company has been formed for the purpose of amalgamating, carrying on, and developing the well-known and flourishing French Cycle businesses as under—

- (1) La Société des Vélocipèdes Clément.
- (2) La Société Française des Cycles Gladiator.
- (3) The French business of Humber and Co., Limited.

The important amalgamation constituted by the union of these three great Companies will, it is believed, form one of the largest Cycle monopolies in Europe, and give to this Company an unequalled position in the Cycle industry of France.

The turnover of the three Companies—La Société des Vélocipèdes Clément for the nineteen months ending Sept. 30, 1895; La Société Française des Cycles Gladiator for the eighteen months ending Sept. 30, 1895; and the French business of Humber and Co., Limited, for the two years ending Aug. 31, 1895—amounted to the sum of £602,807, while the profits for the same period of the two first-mentioned Companies alone amounted to £87,001 3s. 6d.

The profits of the two Companies, La Société des Vélocipèdes Clément and La Société Française des Cycles Gladiator, for the year ending Oct. 1, 1896, are guaranteed by the Vendor to this Company at £80,000.

The results of the French business of Humber and Co., Limited, for the current year have not yet been ascertained, but, judging from the turnover and the popularity of HUMBER Machines in France, the profits should be very considerable.

The profits of La Société des Vélocipèdes Clément and La Société Française des Cycles Gladiator, as guaranteed for the past year, were made without the aid of any of the advantages which must accrue from this amalgamation; and the following figures, based upon the Capital of this Company, are therefore eminently satisfactory—

£200,000 Preference, 6 per cent.	£12,000
700,000 Ordinary, 9 per cent.	63,000
	<hr/> £75,000

This calculation is made without taking into account any profits of the French business of Humber and Co., Limited, which should materially increase the Dividend on the Ordinary Shares.

The operations of this Company will be of so extensive a character that a large Working Capital is, in the opinion of the Directors, essential. They have accordingly made arrangements which (with the accrued profits and reserve fund) will place at their disposal the ample sum of £150,000.

A most important factor in estimating the future prospects of this Company is the question of import duty. This matter is now under the consideration of the authorities, and it is generally anticipated in France that the present duty on cycles will be largely increased. Any increase would materially bear upon the profits on French-made machines, and enhance the earnings of this Company by greatly reducing foreign competition.

A great feature for the immediate future is the new industry of Motor Carriages and Cycles. In the opinion of the Directors, too much importance cannot be attached to this new industry, which at present is far more advanced and popular in France than any other country, and in order to fully develop this branch of the business extensive works will be erected at Levallois Perret.

Monsieur Clément was among the first to realise the great prospective value of this branch of the trade, and has at the present moment more orders in hand than he can execute.

The following is a short description of the businesses taken over—

(1) LA SOCIÉTÉ DES VÉLOCIPÈDES CLÉMENT.

This business was established in 1875 by M. Clément, who was practically the Pioneer of Cycling in France, and to this gentleman was due the introduction of DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRES into France, thereby giving a fresh impetus to an already important industry.

The business steadily increased, and, in March 1894 was formed into a Company constituted according to French law under the style of LA SOCIÉTÉ DES VÉLOCIPÈDES CLÉMENT, and from that time has developed to such an extent that it is now unquestionably one of the foremost in France.

M. Clément (the founder) has received at the hands of the French Government the high distinction of being the first cycle-manufacturer to be decorated with the Légion d'Honneur, and the name of "Clément" in connection with cycles is known throughout France as "La Grande Marque Nationale."

This business is taken over from Oct. 1, 1895, so that this Company will obtain the full benefit of a year's trading, with profits estimated by La Société des Vélocipèdes Clément and guaranteed by the Vendor to this Company to amount to at least £40,000.

The works are situated in the Rue Brunel, Paris, and at Tulle (Corrèze), and are equipped with all the most modern machinery and plant sufficient to turn out at least twenty-five thousand machines yearly. The plant, machinery, and tools have been valued by Monsieur C. Bourdon, the well-known engineer of Paris, at £40,348 15s. 8d. The leasehold premises and buildings have been valued by Monsieur P. Collin, the well-known architect of Paris, at £5760.

Branch Depôts have been established at Madrid and Geneva, where a large and increasing business is in progress.

Agencies have also been established for the sale of CLÉMENT CYCLES in every principal town in France, and also at St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Milan, Athens, Brussels, Bucharest, Amsterdam, Lisbon, Buenos Ayres, Santiago, Constantine, Algiers, Sfax, Tunis, Alexandria, Saigon, Hong-Kong, Port Said, and throughout the whole of South America.

The extremely valuable services of Monsieur Clément have been retained for the new Company, so that the organisation, which has hitherto been so successful, will be continued without interruption.

(2) LA SOCIÉTÉ FRANÇAISE DES CYCLES GLADIATOR.

This business was established in 1891 by Messieurs Ancoec and Darracq at Pré-St-Gervais, near Paris; and in 1891, owing to the extension of their trade, a Company was formed under the style of LA SOCIÉTÉ FRANÇAISE DES CYCLES GLADIATOR.

The success of this Company has been phenomenal, as since its formation in 1894 its business has developed enormously, and earned a reputation unsurpassed in the trade.

Much of the credit for the excellence of workmanship and design for which "GLADIATOR" MACHINES are so justly noted is due to Monsieur Darracq, whose services have been retained on the Board of the new Company.

This business is taken over as from Oct. 1, 1895, with guaranteed profits of £40,000.

The plant, machinery, and tools have been valued by Monsieur C. Bourdon at £20,479 12s., and the buildings and land by Monsieur P. Collin at £12,855 12s.

The works where the famous "GLADIATOR" MACHINES are manufactured are situated at Pré-St-Gervais, Paris, and are equipped with the most modern machinery and plant necessary for turning out at least 25,000 machines each year.

This Company has also an extensive factory at Nantes capable of turning out 6000 or 7000 machines each year. These cycles have obtained a great reputation under the name of "PHEBUS."

This Company is recognised in France as well as in England as the pioneer of the quadruplettes and quintuplettes so extensively used on racing tracks.

Gladiator Cycles are now well known in England, an Agency having been established in Oxford Street, London; and this year the much-coveted distinction of being the first to ride thirty miles in the hour was earned by Mr. Tom Linton on a Gladiator machine.

(3) HUMBER AND COMPANY, LIMITED.

This Business has been established in France for several years, where, as in England, HUMBER CYCLES have obtained a reputation second to none, and their sales by far exceed those of any other English manufacturer.

The HUMBER Head Depôt is one of the finest in Paris, and is situated at 19, Rue du Quatre Septembre, one of the busiest thoroughfares of the city.

Agencies for HUMBER CYCLES have been established in the suburbs of Paris and in every important town in the Country.

The purchase price to be paid by this Company is £900,000, out of which the Promoter will provide a sum which (with the profits already accrued and reserve fund) will leave the Company a working capital of £150,000.

The Vendor will pay all expenses of every kind up to and including the completion of the purchase.

A London Stock Exchange settlement and quotation will be applied for in due course.

THE CONTRACTS entered into are as follow—

1. Agreement dated the 11th day of July, 1896, and made between La Société Française des Cycles Gladiator of the one part, and Ernest Terah Hooley of the other part.
2. Supplemental Agreement to above, dated 17th day of July, 1896, made between the same parties; and also an extract from the Minutes of the General Meeting of the said Société dated the 18th of July, 1896.
3. Agreement dated the 8th day of August, 1896, and made between La Société des Vélocipèdes Clément of the one part and Ernest Terah Hooley of the other part; and also an extract from the Minutes of the General Meeting of the said Société dated the same day.
4. Agreement dated the 6th day of October, 1896, and made between Humber and Company (Extension), Limited, of the first part; Humber and Company, Limited, of the second part; and the said Ernest Terah Hooley of the third part.
5. Agreement dated the 5th day of October, 1896, and made between the said Ernest Terah Hooley, as Proprietor of La Société des Vélocipèdes Clément, and The Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company (France), Limited.
6. Agreement dated the 8th day of August, 1896, and made between the said Ernest Terah Hooley, as Proprietor of La Société Française des Cycles Gladiator, and the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company (France), Limited.
7. Agreement dated the 7th day of October, 1896, and made between Ernest Terah Hooley of the one part, and Robert Doncaster, Trustee for and on behalf of this Company, of the other part.

The businesses will be taken over subject to all existing contracts. These are of the ordinary trade character and necessary for the working of the concerns, but including as they do contracts with employes and customers and others, they cannot be specified.

There may be also other contracts relating to the formation of the Company, and subscriptions to the capital and otherwise, which may technically fall within Section 38 of the Companies Acts, 1867. Subscribers will be held to have had notice of all these contracts, and to have waived all right to be supplied with particulars of such contracts, and to have agreed with the Company as Trustee for the Directors and other persons liable not to make any claim whatsoever, or to take any proceedings under the said section in respect of any non-compliance therewith.

Applications for Shares should be made on the forms accompanying the prospectus, and forwarded to the Bankers of the Company, with the amount of the deposit.

If no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full, and where the number of Shares allotted is less than the number applied for, the balance will be applied towards payment due on allotment, and any excess will be returned to the applicant.

Copies of the Prospectus, with Forms of Application for Shares, can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or from their Bankers, Brokers, or Solicitors.

The Memorandum and Articles of Association, the Contracts and Valuations specified above, can be seen at the Offices of the London Solicitor to the Company.

London, 10th October, 1896.

MR. DU MAURIER'S DEATH.

"When so great a man dies it is generally found that he has been so written about, so riddled with praise or blame, that one runs the risk of losing all clue to his real personality." It was thus that Robert Maurice sadly recorded the passing away of his old friend Barty Josselin in the reminiscences which he "edited" under the title of "The Martian," the first instalment appearing this very month in *Harper's Magazine*. And now, while the month is still young, the same words have to be used to record the death of this very Robert Maurice himself, whom in private



THE HOUSE (AT HAMPSTEAD) WHERE MR. DU MAURIER LIVED.

Reproduced by permission from "McClure's Magazine."

life we all knew as George Du Maurier. There, indeed, could be no more appropriate epitaph for him than "The Martian." For one has come naturally to think of Mr. Du Maurier the novelist, the man of letters having in these latter days eclipsed the master in black-and-white art with whom all England had laughed, and laughed heartily and cleanly, for thirty years and more. And "The Martian" also takes us back to Paris, and there lie the very beginnings of Mr. Du Maurier.

Like the hero of "The Martian," he came of French stock. During the Revolution his grandparents had sought sanctuary in England, where his father was born. His mother was purely English, but he himself was born in Paris; and thither after his father's death he returned to study art in the Quartier Latin. That is the genesis of "Trilby," and from his fellow-students, Poynter, Lamont, T. Armstrong, and Whistler, with whom he spent a happy year, he found the materials which created the Laird, Taffy, and Little Billee, those three mousquetaires of the brush that have charmed as great an English public as Dumas' triumvirate. Then he went to Antwerp, where his eyesight failed him in the painful way we know, thence to Malines and Düsseldorf.

When he returned to England in 1860 it was with a good knowledge of men and manners, and with a nimble pencil. Charles Reade introduced him to Mark Lemon and Shirley Brooks. *Punch* did not see its way to find a niche for him, so he joined Poynter and Whistler on *Once a Week*, filling in his time with illustrations for other publications. His chance came, however, when John Leech died, in 1864. *Punch* was ready for him then; for thirty-two years it had always welcomed him, and in 1896 it was not ready to lose him.

To nine Englishmen out of ten Mr. Du Maurier was, the greatest—indeed, the ideal—humorist in black-and-white. His artistic medium, the Society with the big S, which he playfully insisted on, might strike one at first sight as being too circumscribed for a wide audience. But, as a matter of fact, it appealed to everybody. To the man in the street, whose only knowledge of the drawing-room was from the area railings, he pictured a world of fair women and brave men, who were not as other folk. To the members of Society itself, on the other hand, he was welcome, because he could voice the entire philosophy of their caste, which they themselves only vaguely felt. His range was undoubtedly limited. His invention was not superabundant; that, perhaps, was the reason of his popularity, for he simply dinned into the ears of his public one sort of story; he did not change the pictures in his gallery from year to year, so that Sir George Midas and Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns became as familiar as John Bull and Britannia. His lovely little child found its way to every heart and

anticipated Lord Fauntleroy. His lovelier woman seemed the very pink of perfection. She had faults. Mr. Du Maurier did not seek to deny it. "She is rather tall, I admit," he once wrote, "and a trifle stiff, but English women are tall and stiff just now; and she is rather too serious, but that is only because I find it so difficult, with a mere stroke in black ink, to indicate the enchanting little curved lines that go from the nose to the mouth-corners, causing the cheeks to make a smile." Despite all conjectures, then, Mr. Du Maurier really copied no model. His goddess in her perfect form was the result of his fancy, just the same as the rival Gibson girl is the product of the young American's imagination. But here let it be said that he was essentially English, in the earlier, more staid, Victorian manner. His goddess had few adventures. It needed the more venturesome American girl and the American artist to tread the more devious paths of life, to touch the whole gamut of more serious emotion. That is why it has been unfair to both artists to call the younger the American Du Maurier.

Yet if Mr. Du Maurier's outlook on one side of art was rather limited, he more than balanced it by the variety of the media in which he worked. The famous "semi-grand" piano which was one of his household gods at Hampstead, and the beautiful tenor voice which he inherited from his father, indicated that passion for music which runs through "Trilby" and has given "Ben Bolt" a new lease of life. He might, one thinks, have become a great musician had he chosen. In his son the artistic instinct has come out in acting. But Mr. Du Maurier waived other tastes awhile to dabble in letters. One says dabble in no disrespectful manner, for is it not the main charm of his novels? That he should have written nothing of note until he was very nearly sixty—for "Peter Ibbetson" did not appear till 1891—only shows how much of the artistic lay in him; that he should have written so well demonstrated his keen instinct for communication. It is perhaps like enough that of his fiction little more invention could have been expected than that which we know. But its quality, so far as it goes, is rare of its kind, and always first-rate. The "Trilby" mania in two countries, and with two totally distinct sections of the community, the reading and the theatre public, belongs to the region of literary puzzles, on which one may philosophise definitely only in the clear calm of a distant future. One secret of the marvellous popularity of this book, however, is its spontaneity and its air of unconscious innocence—above all, its sympathetic humanity.

There is something very melancholy in the fact of Mr. Du Maurier's dying while everybody was turning with delight to his latest novel, "The Martian," just as there was in William Morris's death while his



THE HOUSE (OXFORD SQUARE) WHERE HE DIED.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

works were being republished. Both men had also this in common, that they were artists in many media, and both, from different standpoints, toiled for a greater happiness to their fellows. And there is a sadness in the idea of Mr. Du Maurier's having just quitted his beloved Hampstead to die in his new home at Oxford Square, Hyde Park, where he passed gently away in the small hours of Thursday morning. He had brought to the world, as he wrote in "Trilby," "a little warmth, a little light." What more would any man seek to achieve?

CONCERNING THE CZAR'S TOUR.

If the Czar of All the Russias were to be subject to such violent contrasts as he has had to experience during the last few weeks, his constitution would certainly break down unless he were made of iron. One day he is at Balmoral, in the quiet family circle, with the great silences of the Highland glens and towering mountains of the Grampian Range around him, and the reticent rustic Scot of that part of the world. The next it is Paris, with its amazing artificiality, its mercurial inhabitants shouting themselves hoarse over his Imperial Majesty as if history were blotted out. It is grotesque to think that just a century ago (within a few months) France was making, or dictating, terms of peace to the Emperor of All the Russias, and the reports of these amenities, as given in the English newspapers of the period, are of the briefest. Now France fêtes the Emperor in the most affectionate and lavish manner, and English journalism devotes column upon column, page upon page, to the description of the festivities. The difference in the newspapers is even greater than the difference in the circumstances.

The Czar's signing the celebrated "Golden Book" at Cherbourg recalls the fact that for ten centuries all Sovereigns arriving there have inscribed their names on this precious scroll. In 1853, Queen Victoria and Napoleon the Little affixed their signatures thereunto, and the list, going backwards, includes the names of Napoleon Buonaparte and Marie Louise, Louis XVI., James II., Francis I. of France; Margaret of Anjou, widow of Henry VI.; Henry V., Philip the Fair and Philip Augustus, our own King John, Henry II., Henry I., William the Conqueror, and several more. In truth, a goodly company. No wonder that the Cherbourg authorities cherish their "Golden Book" so fondly; it could never be replaced.

The Czar must suffer from the sense of contrast in Darmstadt, for life there is much more on a level with the nature of his visit to Balmoral. He shares his Consort's great love for the German Duchy. Even the most casual visitor to the town cannot but be struck by the powerful influence which was exerted by the Czarina's mother, Princess Alice, whose name is still a household word in many Hesse homes, for she was untiring in her efforts to alleviate the condition of her husband's people. Princess Alice may be said to have been the only one of the Queen's daughters whom the British public had an opportunity of knowing as she really was, for in the volume of letters edited by Sir Theodore Martin the Grand Duchess's beautiful nature and sympathetic character are unconsciously betrayed in every page of the long and touching epistles she indited almost every day to her "beloved Mama." The portrait of her given here, taken at the time of her wedding, bears a strong resemblance to the Czarina. Of course, as the daughter of a British Princess, the Czarina and her sisters, as girls, were often with the Queen at Balmoral, so the locality is not new to her. There are memories which are still related by the people about Balmoral of the doings of these Princesses; and one is of their climbing up some perilous rocks, on Craig-na-Ban, so that they might see an eagle's nest, which they accomplished under the charge of a careful Gillie.

Apropos of her recent visit, the story goes that the newspaper correspondents who went North found it expedient to wear kilts in order to satisfy the detectives that they were not Nihilists. They were such braw laddies in this attire that the police were satisfied at a glance. A Nihilist in a kilt would have betrayed himself at once. Treason would have been positively lurid in his calves, and when his knees knocked together they would have produced the concussion of dynamite. A man has to be very honest indeed before he can venture to disclose his shanks, and that is why Highlanders have always been the pillars of morality in their part of the world. It is said, by the way, that a fashionable amusement in London this season will be the playing of bagpipes by ladies. Next to kilts the bagpipes are the greatest tests of virtue. When a man cannot stand them he is likely to come to an evil end. Bagpipes in the drawing-room after dinner will be as good as a catechism.

A story may be recalled of one of the Czar's predecessors, a Russian Grand Duke, who was the guest of some German Prince in the early part

of the century. It is necessary, so that the point of the tale should not be lost, to mention that the Imperial double-headed eagle is to be seen everywhere in Russia; it is on coins, flags, and all Government documents—in all the Imperial palaces that strange bird may be found everywhere, either painted, sculptured, or embroidered. Add to this, as the story indicates, the education of Grand Dukes was, at the period of the tale, of a more limited kind than it is in the present day. The personage who figures in this story went out shooting one morning, and an experienced huntsman accompanied him. The Grand Duke was very successful, and at last he shot a large bird. Turning to the huntsman, he asked what kind of a bird it was. The huntsman replied, "It is an eagle, your Highness." To which the Grand Duke said, "It can't be an eagle." The huntsman could only repeat his assurance that it could be no other bird than an eagle, when the Grand Duke replied, in a rather irritated voice, "How can it be an eagle, when it has only one head?"

The origin and meaning of the double-headed eagle is still shrouded in doubt. Russia received it from Byzantium, and it was adopted by Frederick II. of Austria, after his expedition to the East in the thirteenth century. This means that it came into Europe through Constantinople, which may be accepted as so far true; but the origin goes far back before that period, and now we know that it is as old as the time when the Hittites were a great power in Asia Minor. A double-headed eagle has been found on an ancient Hittite sculpture at Eyiuk and Boghaz Keui, in Cappadocia. The exact date of these sculptures may have to remain a secret till the mysterious hieroglyphics of the Hittites have been deciphered by our philologists, but they may perhaps date back to the times of Solomon or Abraham. The usual explanation of the two heads is that they represent East and West: an explanation that would exactly suit Russian policy to-day—that its power is directed on these two lines of action. But Strabo mentions a fable, which he says was referred to by Pindar, that the site of Delphi was discovered by means of two eagles, which were set free by Zeus, one from the East and another from the West, and they met at the site of the Temple, where there was a representation of them preserved. It is quite possible that this icon may have been in the form of a double-headed eagle.

The newspaper writers made a woeful blunder about Chinese imperial colours when Li Hung Chang was with us, and they seem to be equally wrong about the Russian Imperial tints. More than one journal has described them as being "black and yellow"; but these are just the small details about which errors are so apt to be made in writing about them. The Imperial tricolour in Russia is black, orange, and white, the white being uppermost and the black below. The tricolour of Russia, but not Imperial, is red, blue, and white—the red below and the white uppermost.

Despite the noise that has been made over the present tour of Nicholas II., much more interest, for Englishmen at least, centres in the account of the travels which the Czar made in the East in 1890-1, when he was yet but Czarewitch. This has been written, by his order, by Prince E. Oukhtomsky, who was detached from the Department of Foreign Creeds in the Ministry of the Interior to accompany the Prince as the literary man of the staff. Only a few people went with the Czar; they were headed by Major-General Prince V. A. Bariatsky and one or two others, including M. Gritsenko, the water-colour painter, whose admirable illustrations, of which a typical specimen is given on the opposite page, make the book exceedingly interesting. And such a book it is! Translated into English by Mr. Robert Goodlet, of St. Petersburg, it has been edited by Sir George Birdwood, and is published in two exceedingly handsome quarto volumes by Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co., of Westminster. The attraction of this book is no mere personal interest in the Czar; that journey may be said to have had political significance, by showing the Prince what British India means, and although at the time he was, of course, a person of small importance, his mind became stored with facts which may have an important bearing on his future policy in the East. At any rate, he expressed himself with a fearlessness which as Czar of All the Russias he would have been chary of doing. It is almost six years ago to a day since Alexander III. bade good-bye to Warsaw to the young Prince, but there has never been any time in the intervening period when the publication of this book could have been of greater interest to English readers.



THE LATE PRINCESS ALICE.

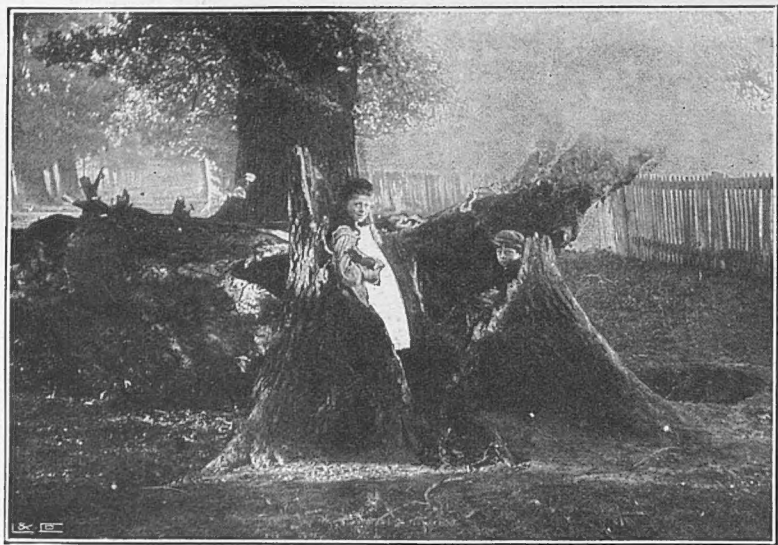


MOONLIGHT ON THE NILE.

From the "Travels in the East of Nicholas II."

SMALL TALK.

When the Queen returns to Windsor she will find that one of the majestic elm-trees which form the Long Walk at Windsor, and which date from the time of Charles II., has fallen a victim to the recent



A RUINED ELM AT WINDSOR.
Photo by Adrian Lundstrom, Windsor.

storm. The tree measured about four feet in diameter. And not only did it collapse, but in the fall thereof it broke a younger companion which had reached a girth of one foot.

Are we going to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of her Majesty's reign by a renaissance of the fashions of her girlhood? In "The White Silk Dress," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, the ladies emulate the hats of 1835. Then, for some time, they have been imitating the parting of the hair and the curtains of that period, taking the cue from the merry Mdle. Mérode, of Paris. Finally, we have had such a deluge of portraits of the Queen as a girl that I feel like a Rip Van Winkle, and, in that mood, I ask—

Do I slumber, I wonder, or dream?
And are things quite the same as they seem?
Are there bogeys about?
For I'm compassed with doubt
As to what is Reality's scheme.
Have our grandmothers, hook or by crook,
Awaked from their sepulture spell?
For our maids have the look of an old-fashioned book
And the early Victorian belle.

They have taken to parting the hair,
Which gives them an innocent air;
And, however it is,
The fluff and the friz
No longer distinguish the fair.
They curtain the ears with a tress,
Till it's really a puzzle to tell
If the dame you address is a modern "I guess"
Or an early Victorian belle.

The dressmakers boldly pronounce
For a '35 sort of a flounce,
And up-to-date flirts
Have the shortest of skirts—
Though they use them to cycle or bounce
A maiden will dress as she's bid,
Though the fashion may strike her as flat,
So the Woman Who Did is umbrageously hid
In an early Victorian hat.

Methinks in the year '35
The damozels didn't contrive
To practise the tricks
That have made '96
So markedly smart and alive.
It follows (perchance you forebode)
That the maid of to-day is a sell;
For, scorning the code, she has borrowed the mode
Of the early Victorian belle.

The coming of age of the Hon. Robert John Strutt, Lord Rayleigh's eldest son, was celebrated, in the good old style dear to our forefathers, at Terling Place, Essex. It was no sort of ordinary occasion of the kind, for much is expected of Mr. Strutt, who is now at Cambridge. His pedigree bespeaks great promise, for was not his father Senior Wrangler? His mother is a sister of Mr. Balfour, who went down to Terling Place and made a pretty speech; while, as all the world knows, he claims kinship with the charming Captain Hedley Vickers who died in the Crimea. The festivities were inaugurated on the eve of Mr. Strutt's birthday, and the last good-byes of lingering guests had scarcely been said when the church bells began to ring, and continued to peal throughout the day. In the afternoon Lord and Lady Rayleigh welcomed all Essex gentles to a great garden-party. Balfours and Cecils, to say nothing of Strutts, who were well represented, and those who were unable to attend personally, sent charming birthday

gifts, which included a clock and pair of candelabra from the Prime Minister and Lady Salisbury, while Mr. Arthur Balfour and his sister, mindful of their host's scientific eminence, had provided his heir with a D'Arsonval galvanometer and the "Dictionary of Complete Chemistry." Seven hundred guests sat down to the birthday banquet, and quite the orthodox number of speeches were delivered, Lord Rayleigh proposing as the first toast "The Queen." The health of Mr. Strutt was proposed by the Vicar of Terling, who seized the opportunity of giving him, with a few graceful and appropriate words, a silver tray, presented by the tenants and employés of Lord Rayleigh's estate, who had an ample share of the good cheer. But undoubtedly the speech of the evening was that delivered by Mr. Balfour. During its course he paid an admirably expressed tribute to Lord and Lady Rayleigh, with the former of whom he very happily named his eldest son, remarking that those present might yet live to see Mr. Strutt "coupled with his father, as, for example, the two Herschels were coupled together, as great names in science, the son carrying on the traditions laid down by the father, and completing the fame which his father left behind him." One so seldom has the chance of seeing Mr. Balfour by home and hearth, that his speech on this occasion has quite a double interest.

Our American cousins have long possessed a language of their own, and now they have a national nose. Some patriotic physiologist has published a portrait of it, and I am not sure that it ought to be excluded from the American flag. A nose among the stars and stripes would be an agreeable assertion of independence. It is quite true that the American nose differs in a marked way from the Anglo-Saxon. You rarely see a snub nose in the United States. The American organ is partly Roman and partly Red Indian. The noble savage has a fine aquiline nose, and you will see Americans of no particular note with noses that suggest the Last of the Mohicans and also the bridge that was defended by Horatius. Englishmen, on the other hand, are quite insignificant about the nose. As a rule, it is no index of character, and in later life it is merely something to snore with. Here and there you meet a man whose nose is a sign-post that points to glory, and it is a national characteristic to use the nose as a musical instrument in a manner which, in America, would be considered ill-bred. But I fear that in the presence of the Transatlantic proboscis we must hide our diminished noses, and get what comfort we may out of the prominence of the Anglo-Saxon bald head.

In a weekly contemporary I have read an article couched in language of singular moderation, and chastely entitled, "Come out of your hole, Rat!" It deals with a personal question, on which I express no opinion except in one particular. The Rat in question appears to be a rodent because he did not sign his name to a recent article in the *Saturday Review*. That is why he is summoned to come out of his hole. But if everybody who writes anonymously is to justify a rat-hunt, a good many of us may be called upon to furnish this noble sport whenever we venture to indulge in criticism. If a reviewer does not happen to approve the work he has in hand, he must sign his name; but, if he does approve, his signature does not matter. That seems to be the new philosophy of ratting, which strikes me as unintelligible and unacceptable, like the Athanasian Creed.

Mr. Edward Ferris, part author of that agreeable little costume piece "A White Stocking," produced before "Mr. Martin," at the Comedy, is a highly intelligent actor, now on tour with Miss Fortescue, and playing such important parts as Prince Zouroff in "Moths." A promising London performance of his was his quasi-Hamletian, fair-bearded, and black-cloaked Antonio to the Shylock of Mr. Charles Pond at the Duke of York's Theatre this summer.

The admirable double-page picture which Mr. S. Begg made for the *Illustrated London News*, of the Prince of Wales leading Persimmon after



PERSIMMON IN ENAMEL.

the Derby, has been enamelled by Messrs. S. Mordan and Co. on a sond silver cigarette-case. The portraits in this design are wonderfully true to life, as will be seen by a glance at the reproduction.

MR. STRUTT.

MR. BALFOUR.

LADY RAYLEIGH.

LORD RAYLEIGH.



THE COMING OF AGE OF THE HON. ROBERT JOHN STRUTT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED. SPALDING, CHELMSFORD.

One of the most imposing objects to be seen at the recent Berlin Exposition was a new form of observatory containing a telescope of gigantic dimensions and of extraordinary shape. As a rule, an observatory is a circular building covered in by a hemispherical dome, which can be opened and swung round to any part of the heavens. In the new form of observatory this type of building is absent, and it could scarcely be recognised as an observatory. Proceeding by a flight of steps, a large platform was reached, at the east end of which was found the observatory and telescope all in one and enclosed in a tube like a gigantic stove-pipe. Like most great telescopes, the Berlin instrument is a refractor and the mounting equatorial. The main difficulty in constructing a large modern telescope lies in the glass. Enormous difficulties have to be encountered in order to obtain a pure glass without a flaw. In this respect the greatest success has been obtained by Messrs. Alvan Clark, of Boston, who constructed the telescope for the Lick Observatory in California. The lens in this wonderful instrument is thirty inches in diameter and without a flaw. In his famous works at Jena, Dr. Schott has managed to cast a piece of glass which comes very near the dimensions of the Lick glass. There are two lenses—one of flint glass, the other of crown glass. They were polished by Steinheil, in Munich, and each has a diameter of something over twenty-eight inches. When the telescope is in the vertical position, the achromatic object-glass is one hundred and twelve feet from the ground. A perfect image of the sun over eight inches in diameter can be obtained, and by suitable lenses in the eye-piece the image can be magnified two to three thousand diameters. In this respect Archenhold's telescope surpasses all others. The length of the tube offers a disadvantage, inasmuch as it must interfere with the rigidity of the instrument, and this is a most important defect of all great telescopes. Still, the gigantic mountings of the instrument will minimise this error to a great extent. The telescope is worked by electrical appliances with extreme precision, and we may look for some startling new discoveries, which will rival the wonderful results got at the Lick Observatory. If it succeeds in this respect, one may forgive the unsightly form of the latest development in astronomical instruments.

Apropos of Mrs. Peck's account of her ascent of the Matterhorn, as told in the October number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, I note that she has a rival in Miss Fay Fuller, whose daring exploits have attracted a great deal of attention among American Alpine climbers. This energetic young lady, who has frankly adopted the short coat and knickerbocker principle of dress for her expeditions, accomplished a daring feat on the very first ascent she ever made, for she managed to reach the summit of Mount Takoma, being the first woman who had ever done so. Miss Fuller evidently rather despises the Swiss Alps, and "guesses" that she could show English climbers a little genuine work if they could be persuaded to come over to the States. She is a

member of the Mazama Club, an Alpine Society which has quaintly named itself after the rapidly disappearing mountain-goat, whose home is only to be found on the highest peaks of the American North-West.

An admirable illustrated summary of the visit of the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Massachusetts to this country is given in the *American Historical Register*, of Boston, just to hand, and occupies nearly fifty pages. There is no doubt that the Americans were intensely gratified by the reception they got.

I must congratulate the conductors of *St. Martin's-le-Grand* on their entering their seventh volume. This magazine is (happily) unofficial. It is published quarterly, each number containing over

a hundred pages, the price being only ninepence a copy, which is a remarkably small figure in view of the size and excellence of the magazine, which is of first-rate interest to almost everybody who has to do with postal and telegraphic matters. Need I say that the curiosities of that service are boundless, and I am not surprised that the magazine is making its way steadily. It is printed for the "honorary editor" by Messrs. Griffith, of Old Bailey.

The new branch synagogue for the Spanish and Portuguese Jews was opened last Saturday week by the Rev. Haham Dr. Moses Gaster, in the presence of a large and representative gathering of congregants. Many ministers of the German community, including the Chief Rabbi, were present, and the ceremony was distinctly imposing. The Portuguese community possesses the oldest synagogue in London, the one in Bevis Marks, built nearly two hundred years ago, and their West-End place of worship was, until a fortnight ago, at Bryanston Street, by the Marble Arch. This situation was found too remote for congregants residing in Maida Vale, Kilburn, and Hampstead, and the new



A GIGANTIC TELESCOPE.
Photo by Zander and Lavisch, Berlin.

building is situated in Lauderdale Road, at the corner of Sutherland Avenue. The ancient community of the Sephardi does not move with the times; it was once a tradition in Jewry that the times moved by permission of the Council of the Elders, and consequently the complete installation of electric light came as a surprise to most people. In the Bevis Marks synagogue wax candles are still the sole illuminants, and will probably remain in use as long as the place endures. The new building is commodious and looks well; it will come as a boon to the devout, who have been hitherto faced on festivals with the problem of bad weather, a long walk to synagogue, and the absolute prohibition of cab, carriage, train, 'bus, motor-car, or cycle. For the inaugural service the harmonium was used; I believe such an occasion is the only one on which music is played in synagogue, except among the congregation of the Reformers.

The late Mr. H. C. Bunner used to say that there were only three kinds of Englishmen that he liked—the Irish, the Scotch, and the dead.

The Grand Duchess Olga found no difficulty in smiling her way into the susceptible hearts of the French. When she arrived at the Gare Montparnasse, that *Ultima Thule* of the Parisian jehu, her nurse, a robust Englishwoman, seemed more surprised at the hurrahs and enthusiasm than did her Imperial charge, who, clad in the most correct of baby travelling-costumes, laughed and clapped her tiny hands with delight, while her bright blue eyes kept a sharp look-out for her faithful travelling companions, the Czar's two favourite dogs. M. Félix Faure had sent his own private coupé to meet the Grand Duchess, and when the Czar and Czarina arrived at the Russian Embassy they found their daughter installed in the beautiful nursery provided for her by Baroness Mohrenheim. By the way, the Grand Duchess Olga might, in some matters, give points to the Parisians, for a quaint little bath forms not the least important item of the Imperial baby's travelling impedimenta.

That seven people out of an audience of five hundred should have lost their lives in the recent fire at the Aberdeen variety hall seems a very heavy percentage. This hall was originally a circus. Another similar hall was once a church. Just think how the Aberdeen parsons would have moralised had it been burned. But they are funny folk in the Granite City, for they once had a third music-hall which had been a church, while the old theatre is now a church.

Mr. William Simpson, the pencil artist of the *Illustrated London News*, is about to publish a book, through the Macmillans, entitled "The Buddhist Praying-Wheel." This book is almost new and original in its subject, Mr. Simpson having been one of the first to study that strange piece of machinery which Carlyle called "the Rotatory Calabash." Its meaning and purpose will be found fully explained in the forthcoming volume. In addition to this, the work brings forward much new and interesting information on wheels and circular movements which have been common in the past over the wide geographical space extending all the way from Tibet to the Highlands of Scotland. Among others, Jewish and Mohammedan customs are dealt with, and much information will be found about the Deisul and Withershins of the Celts. Much of the information which Mr. Simpson has collected has been obtained during some of the extended journeys which he has performed in various parts of the East as "Special Artist" of the *Illustrated London News*.

The storm which has been raging in the North Sea during the last fortnight has been felt with extraordinary severity round Heligoland. On Sept. 24 a prodigious feat in the annals of life-saving was performed by

fifteen natives of the famous island. During a strong nor'-wester the storm rose. Ships crowded into the harbour for refuge. A pleasure-yacht, the *Atalanta*, was riding at anchor in the roads. It soon became evident that her cable would not stand the strain, and a flag of distress was hoisted. The lifeboat could not go out. Crowds gathered on the shore anxious to render assistance to the hapless crew of the yacht. At once a cry was raised for volunteers. In a moment fifteen sturdy



RUINS OF THE PEOPLE'S PALACE OF VARIETIES, ABERDEEN.

Photo by Wilson and Co, Aberdeen.

Heligolanders were ready for active service, and a big open ferry-boat was launched. Progress at first seemed impossible, but inch by inch the distance was lessened by the mighty efforts of strong arms, and at length the crew of the *Atalanta* were safely transferred on board the boat and landed. The cable of the *Atalanta* snapped, and she drifted out to sea and out of sight. The photograph from which I reproduce the picture of the men is one of the very best I have seen for many a day.



OUR FORMER COUNTRYMEN—HELIGOLAND LIFEBOATSMEN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. SCHENOKY, HELIGOLAND.

Was it the immortal Barnaby Rudge who exclaimed in connection with the historic Gordon Riots that "All London's up"? I am not sure, but I am certain that when I returned to the Metropolitan fold from wandering in seaside pastures about a week ago, I felt inclined to borrow the ejaculation. Everywhere there appeared slush and mud, and heaps of paving materials, boiling cauldrons of asphalt, and 'buses running in unwonted thoroughfares. Piccadilly from Albemarle Street to the Circus was without a vehicle, and the quiet in consequence was so delightful that it almost atoned for the works which made the aristocratic thoroughfare look almost as though an English Commune had arrived in London and was throwing up barricades in every direction. But the strangest thing was a great red-and-white striped marquee that loomed large, where surely such an erection never stood before, in the broad roadway opposite the Criterion. This flimsy structure had from the distance a very odd appearance, and I wondered silently what it meant. A nearer approach showed it had evidently been put up for the convenience of visitors to Mr. Charles Wyndham's cosy theatre. I only wish I had been armed with a Kodak, that I might have preserved a view of the unique effect.

At one time it looked as if wealthy Americans were to oust us from the very choicest of our deer-forests, grouse-moors, and salmon-rivers. The British sportsman may now, however, keep his soul in peace, for our wealthy cousins have invented an excellent substitute in their own country, and, of course, on a scale to beat creation. Large tracts of highland forest country, sometimes as much as a hundred square miles, are being enclosed with a close wire-fencing eight to ten feet high, and herds of buffalo, wapiti deer, caribou, moose, antelopes, and red deer turned into those enclosures. Pheasants and winged game are being introduced from all parts of the world. It is a form of amusement fit only for millionaires like Mr. George J. Gould, Mr. Austin Corbin, and Dr. Seward Webb. M. Henri Menier, of chocolate fame, has bought the large island of Anticosti, lying at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and turned one half of it into a wild-game ranch. An enterprising circus proprietor, Mr. George O. Starr, has acquired a large ranch in Mexico and turned it into a miniature jungle. He has stocked it with an assortment of animals as varied as the inhabitants of Noah's Ark, intending to breed beasts enough to supply the menageries of the world.

Little Miss Dorothy Drew has learned the Remington. Perhaps Grandpapa will give her his historic post-cards to type.



MISS DOROTHY DREW AS A TYPEWRITER.
Photo by Robinson and Thompson, Liverpool.

By a melancholy coincidence, Lord Kensington has died at the time that I illustrate the Yeomen of the Guard, of which he was Captain from 1892 until last year. He was one of the few "Home Rule" peers—in other words, he remained faithful to Mr. Gladstone through good and ill report. As Mr. W. Edwardes, he was one of the most successful Whips the Liberal Party has ever possessed; but on one occasion, at least, his efforts to keep an unruly member in the House by main force met with failure, for the gentleman in question, a determined Welsh M.P., deliberately pushed past the Whip, who was in vain trying to bar the way. As is the case with Mr. "Tom" Ellis, the late Lord Kensington seemed to be possessed of the gift of omnipresence, and he appeared to penetrate to every cosy corner of the House almost as quickly as the Division bell. After his elevation to the Peerage he rarely revisited the scenes of his former labours, but he was often met in the fine library attached to the House of Lords, and from there would despatch little notes to his friends in the Lower House.



LORD KENSINGTON AS CAPTAIN OF THE YEOMEN
OF THE GUARD.

Photo by Ball, Regent Street, S.W.

By the death of Mr. Edward Bumpus, of John and Edward Bumpus, Limited, Holborn Bars, literary London has lost one of that now rare class of men who are "book"-sellers in contradistinction to sellers of books—men who know the insides of books as well as the outsides. Mr. Bumpus died on Oct. 3, at the age of sixty-four. He learned the mere business part of his profession with his father and with his brother, Mr. Thomas Benjamin Bumpus (the eldest and only surviving brother), then of Birch Lane and now of George Yard, Lombard Street. He succeeded his father at Holborn Bars in 1859, and in 1892 became a partner with his brother John of Oxford Street, the amalgamated business being registered as a limited liability company. (The firm, it is understood, by the way, will be carried on, on the old lines, by several surviving nephews.) Mr. Edward Bumpus was a great favourite with the many literary men who frequented his shop, for, with a geniality that was characteristic of him, he was ever ready to help the seeker after out-of-the-way information.

He had a wide acquaintance with the world of books, and so was able to give valuable hints to his customers. Among well-known men who have found their way into Mr. Bumpus's private room, high above the roar of Holborn Bars, are Mr. Lecky, Professor Gardiner, Mr. Edward Clodd, and, quite recently, Mr. S. R. Crockett. His business was chiefly, of course, with modern books; but his own hobby was a fine collection of old ones. To a certain extent he had the collecting mania, and he had many experiences to relate of "collecting" in the 'fifties, when Dickens was showering forth the monthly sheets of "Bleak House" and "David Copperfield." Although his private residence was at Clapham, Mr. Bumpus took a keen interest in the parish where his daily labour lay—St. Andrew's, Holborn; and it is interesting to note that it was the Vicar of St. Andrew's who officiated at the funeral, which took place at Norwood Cemetery last Thursday.

I stated last week that Mr. Max Goldberg is now starting work upon an Oriental drama in which various scenes incidental to the recent troubles in Constantinople will be introduced. In these days of dramatic "coincidences" one cannot be too prompt or particular. Mr. James Blood, of Birmingham, writes me that he also has a drama well in hand upon the same subject, and that two of his strongest situations occur in scenes similar to those used by Mr. Goldberg.

Mrs. Chant ought to live in New Zealand. The grandmotherly Government of that Colony has introduced a Bill for subjecting girls who may be found in the streets after a certain hour in the evening to a judicial examination by a tribunal of married citizens. This would suit Mrs. Chant, and give her a theme for her next crusade for the reform of London. Nothing would delight the highly respectable householder more than to hear this zealous lady knocking at his door and offering him a culprit for a moral inquisition. He might find recompense for his broken rest by proclaiming himself a bachelor in the middle of the proceedings.

There is no criterion of what feminine beauty really is, but I fancy some of my readers will be fetched by this charming group of Peruvian maidens, lately taken in Lima. All the characteristic types of the loveliest South American girlhood are represented, for Lima has a well-deserved reputation in this respect, and in Peruvian women are to be found the finest characteristics of several European nations, although, of course, the dusky hair and eyes of Spain predominate. Indeed many very charming Spanish customs, now fast dying out in Spain itself, go to make picturesque the daily life of Lima. Thus every morning graceful figures, more or less disguised by a lace mantilla, are to be seen hurrying to and from devotions, each being always duly accompanied by a maid or chaperon. Hats and bonnets are worn only on State occasions, and even from a practical point of view the mantilla has its uses, for not unfrequently it is worn as a disguise by its fair owner. It is extremely difficult for a man to recognise even his own sister when she is enwrapped in what used to be the national head-dress of Andalusia.

The world is still wagging, though "St. Helena," of Astrakhan, predicted that the end was to come last week. Only a year ago a Baptist minister in California made a similar prophecy. He announced from the pulpit that the Last Day was close at hand. His congregation induced him to take a more cheerful view of the situation by deferring payment of his stipend till Dec. 31.

The *St. James's Gazette's* discussion on railway manners recalls the fact that some years ago the Great Western Company inscribed one of the second-class carriages in the Bristol express with the words "Smoking—Ladies." Anxiety to please sometimes leads directors into

deplorable errors of judgment. Ladies who smoke generally travel first, and affect scented cigarettes. More rarely, you may find in a third-class compartment a lowly British matron in enjoyment of a clay pipe. One would think that the second-class lady passenger, being between the two, would carry a cigar-case; but she does not.

The Agony Column, in which broken hearts display their fractures with a frankness which is almost unseemly, is generally interesting. Here is the curious case of poor Julia—

J. C. M.—Thanks for letter. Will write when return book if you think it quite safe. You shouldn't have put slip in book; nearly seen. Write again soon, please. I long for sight of you. Love from JULIA.

Having learned that books may betray, Julia will, I trust, find in the public press the privacy which is so essential in cases of the kind.

One of the non-political problems of the Transvaal is how to acclimatise cats and chickens. There are other English animals which do not take kindly to the climate, but these are the most notable cases. Poultry-farming would be a very profitable business in the neighbourhood of Johannesburg (for hens find their own food and eggs fetch good prices) but for some mysterious malady incident to Rand chickens. The owner of them never knows whether he will not wake some morning to find half his coop dead. Cats are still more unfortunate. In spite of all their nine lives, they simply cannot exist. Nobody knows what kills them. There are no "symptoms"; they merely droop and die. Dogs, too, are listless; but, though they do not exactly thrive, they are not cut off untimely as their feline foes are.



PERUVIAN BELLES.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CURRET, LIMA.

WOMAN ON THE HIGHER ALPS.

Long before the days of "bloomers," and when the "divided skirt" was still one and unpartitioned, women on the higher levels of the Alps strode about their native crags in trousers. There was no question of asserting their rights nor of claiming equality with their rival, man.



FEMALE MULETEER ON THE HIGHER ALPS.

It had merely been decided in some prehistoric conclave that there was no reason on occasion that the *Beinkleider* should not be written feminine as well as masculine. Henceforth, man ceased to be the only biped which brought the cattle home on the Oberland.

A glance at the illustrations given will amply prove that it was utility and not vanity which dictated this addition to the Swiss herds-girl's scanty wardrobe. Her appearance in pantaloons is not attractive either on or off the canvas, and, though you may be struck by the nonchalance with which, her cheek steeled against a blush, she will casually thrust out an ungainly leg and set a heavy boot upon the neck of her goat while she converses, you will keep your admiration in the background. Comeliness and these herds-women stand, as a rule, far apart, while, intrepid and practised as they are in their leaping across yawning abysses or up the side of a precipice, there is little of the wild, free grace in their movements one remarks in the mountain maidens of Norway and the Austrian Tyrol. For this their tailor and the hard life they lead must share the blame. The former we may leave to his conscience and his clients; the latter merits mention in detail. With the exception of the blacks who endure a life of hunger in the heart of Africa, there is hardly anyone in the world who fares so badly as the herds of Switzerland. They cannot afford to eat the berries they find on the mountain-side; they cannot afford to drink the milk supplied by their flocks. The hunks of meat, of which the most nimble-tongued tourist would hesitate to assert that he had had personal experience, were dried, salted, and turned into unsavoury leather weeks before they were brought to the hill from the valley. The rye-bread was reduced to its present condition of blackened cinder at the same time. The cabbage-stalks in pickle in the

corner would appear to contain as much nourishment as a Jersey walking-stick. Of these the contents of the larder consist, and, hungry as the wandering herd may be on her return home, she must eat sparingly of the dainties, lest the scanty store come to an end before the return to the valleys takes place. They breakfast at two o'clock in the morning, when their brief hours of repose are at an end, then answer the remonstrances of their cattle, who are shouldering each other away from the low doorway of the *châlet*, as they noisily demand to be attended to and driven up to some favourite Alp. And they sup twelve or fourteen hours later, when the long tramp back to their homesteads is about to begin. The time between has not been idle. With a stout sickle the herdsmaidens reap down the long, coarse Alpine grasses to serve as fodder for the cattle during the winter. These they gird round cunningly with wisps of hay, and, having made up a big, bolster-shaped bundle, many degrees stouter and little less lengthy than their own persons, they get a comrade to hoist it on to their shoulders, and with it stagger down the mountain-side at their cattle's heels. Still harder is the task when the load of wood for the winter's firing is substituted for the stack of dried grass or dead leaves, for it is only such as possess a stoutly built hay-*châlet* who can afford to store the costly treasure on the higher levels, bringing it down the steep slopes on sledges when the season of long snow has set in.

Nor is the nature of the night's rest such as can compensate to any generous degree for the toils of the day. The nut-brown *châlet*, most picturesque home that any peasant of any land ever dwelt in, when viewed internally, is not a dwelling to desire. I do not speak of the *châlets*, often fairly comfortable, of the villages of the valley, the property of the happy proprietors of Cow—which may mean anything from a small herd to a "hoof"; that is, ownership in one animal which is shared by three others—but of those constructions which are perched on the crags of the Oberland. Here semi-darkness usually prevails, for the first object of door and window is not to let in light, but to keep out the heavy snows of the long winter. In the corner is a low, broad platform, which in a studio would be taken for a model's throne; the sacks of dried hay upon it betray the use to which the thing is put, while a couple of coarse blankets are stowed away at the further end. The less luxurious dispense with these, while, reluctantly be it stated, the herdsmaidens retire to rest in the same guise as that in which she appears on the mountain-side.

The monotony of the life of the herd is occasionally relieved by a meeting, chance or arranged by a *jödel*, with some other herd and its attendants; then grass is left uncut and branch unbroken while the news that by slow degrees has risen from the valley is discussed. He and she exchange promises to drive their cattle down together in the autumn, and to be partners in the dance which celebrates their return. In honour of this function the young ladies cast their uncouth nether garments aside and appear in skirts and bodices.—CONSTANCE SUTCLIFFE.



FEMALE GOAT-HERDS ON THE HIGHER ALPS.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

AN INTERESTING GOSSIP.*

"Two Frenchmen! Let me tell you, sir, that if two Frenchmen were to meet at the other end of the world, one would have to eat the other. It is the law of nature!" cried Voltaire on being remonstrated with for the scandal of his quarrels with Maupertuis at the Court of Frederick the Great. According to the "Memoirs of Baron Thiébault," which rivals in its interest the fascinating "Memoirs of Marbot," French Generals are specially subject to this natural law. Of course, all devotees of glory, from actors to Marshals, are necessarily jealous; but



GENERAL AND MADAME THIÉBAULT.

the internecine mutual jealousy of the French Commanders, from Napoleon down to Soult, Ney, Marmont, Dorsenne, and Bessières, is all but incredible. In the Peninsula especially, according to Baron Thiébault, the English again and again owed their escape from annihilation solely to the mutual jealousy of the French Generals, each of whom was more anxious for his rival's than for his foe's defeat and destruction.

It must be admitted, however, that Thiébault had an undue contempt for Wellington, who could hardly have been the dullard he describes. "Wellington," says Lanfrey, "n'éblouissait personne, mais il nous battait"; but, according to Thiébault, his Peninsular victories, were due to the jealousy of the Marshals opposed to him and to the immense numerical superiority of his forces. Wellington himself, let us say in passing, credits his enemy with this immense superiority of force, and, as Thiébault is demonstrably inaccurate in many of his statements about the Peninsular War, the presumption is in favour of the punctiliously truthful Englishman's estimate. There cannot be a doubt, however, that Wellington was deeply indebted to the insane and suicidal mutual jealousy of the Generals opposed to him. Ney would not spare Soult in his extremity a single gun; Soult deliberately delayed till too late his junction with Masséna, whom Bessières also left intentionally in the lurch; while Marmont and Dorsenne declined to move at all lest either should get the glory the other thought his due. But the jealousy Thiébault describes is nothing to that he displays. He is occasionally just, and even generous, to men of a lower military rank than his own; but for all those above him, with the exception of Masséna, he has little that is good to say. He is embittered by disappointment, and cannot understand, what is obvious to every reader of his Memoirs, why he should not have been entrusted with a command commensurate with his own singularly high idea of his deserts. Yet in the very same page in which he complains of slight and neglect, he records, with complacency or with pride, some piece of insolence to his chief, some act of outrageous insubordination, or some foolhardy feat in which he risked his men's lives as well as his own. When, however, his eye is not jaundiced by jealousy or blinded by hate, he is a keen and impartial observer, and he succeeds in doing what might be supposed impossible—setting in a wholly new light some of the personages and incidents of the Revolution. Louis XVI., for instance, has not appeared before in the character attributed to him by the Archbishop of Cambrai, and borne out by an incident witnessed by Thiébault himself.

During dinner the King was mentioned, and somebody having praised his kindness, another guest observed that it was depicted in his face. The Archbishop, without dropping his voice, but with his eyes fixed upon his plate, said, "A fortunate mask!"

That it was a mere mask is suggested by the following incident—

A pretty little spaniel a lady had with her ran close up to the King. Making a low courtesy, she called the dog back in haste; but, as it turned to run to its mistress, the King broke its back with a blow of his cudgel. Then, amid the screams and tears of the lady, and as the poor little beast was breathing its last, the King, delighted with his exploit, continued his walk, laughing like any lout of a peasant.

Perhaps there was something to be said for the remark an Englishman made to M. de la Roserie at the Restoration: "You would not have got the Bourbons if we had anything worse to give you." Surely, however, what the Abbé le Duc, a natural son of Louis XV., confessed to Thiébault is incredibly Machiavellian—that the Princes of this House not only employed Favras to assassinate MM. Necker and Lafayette, but inspired the atrocities of Robespierre—

From many sources it is clear that that monster ended by being the instrument of the Princes' vengeance against those nobles and officials who did not go abroad, and against all those towards whom those Princes or any persons about them had a grudge; while he was at the same time their agent to render the Revolution odious by dint of crimes from which their successors are still reaping the advantage.

It is strange that it was another natural son of Louis XV., Gassicourt, who supplied Napoleon with the poison he took after Waterloo—according, that is, to Thiébault's version of the incident, which differs both in time and in circumstance from every other we have read. But Thiébault asserts that he had the account from Gassicourt himself three years after Napoleon's exile to St. Helena, and with it the suggestion that the poison did its slow work at last. The strange story is worth quoting in full—

The order, therefore, was executed, and shortly before Napoleon's departure for Waterloo, Gassicourt placed the locket containing the terrible dose in Napoleon's own hands. In the night of June 21 a fresh order summoned him in all haste to the Elysée. Napoleon had just swallowed the poison, but, new ideas having changed his determination, he called upon Gassicourt to prevent its action. Terrified as he was, his hair standing on end, in a cold sweat, Gassicourt, nevertheless, did all that was humanly possible. Vomiting was at once induced, and sustained by means of copious draughts, and he was able to hope that the assimilation of the poison had been prevented. Yet, when relating these facts to me three years after Napoleon had gone to St. Helena, he could not avoid the dread lest the poisoning might have consequences. When there was talk of Napoleon's sufferings, he shuddered at the idea that they might be the result of it; and when Napoleon was dead and it was known that his death resulted from a lesion to the stomach, he said to me ten times, if he said it once, "Some particles of the poison cannot have been extracted, and thenceforward sooner or later death was inevitable."

Thiébault attributes Napoleon's final defeat in part to the advice of Moreau, which the allies faithfully followed—to avoid giving him battle until they had fought and defeated all his lieutenants, when they could overwhelm the Emperor with irresistible forces—but chiefly to the change in Napoleon himself. As Lord Wolseley and a hundred others have demonstrated, Napoleon had survived himself.

My conclusion (writes Thiébault) was that if General Bonaparte, the Bonaparte of Italy, Egypt, Marengo, had passed judgment on Napoleon's campaign of 1813, he would doubtless have approved the opening, but would have condemned and have been shocked at the whole sequel of operations. If one may exhaust this fancy by applying it to subsequent events, one might say that Bonaparte would have found himself again on the plains of Champagne, but have failed to recognise himself immediately afterwards; while at Ligny, Quatre Bras, Waterloo, Paris, Lorient, he would have deemed himself to have outlived his identity.

The translator of these fascinating Memoirs, Mr. Arthur John Butler, has done his work fairly well; but occasionally we come upon such unintelligible sentences as this—

I had missed my chance, and might not even dream of leaving Solignac, from whom I could have parted to follow Berthier, but with whom, in the absence of my destination to justify my departure, I was forced to remain.



VERY FRENCH.

Photo by Falk, New York.

* "The Memoirs of Baron Thiébault." (Late Lieutenant-General in the French Army.) With Recollections of the Republic, the Consulate, and the Empire. Translated and Condensed by A. J. Butler, M.A., Translator of the "Memoirs of Marbot." London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

"TWO LITTLE VAGABONDS."

The Princess's has undoubtedly got a great success in "Two Little Vagabonds," adapted by Mr. G. R. Sims and Mr. Arthur Shirley from the French of M. Pierre Decourcelle. The vagabonds are played by Miss Sydney Fairbrother (whom *The Sketch* has already noticed at length) and by Miss Kate Tyndall. Miss Tyndall is as, yet almost, a new-comer to the London public, for she entered on her present engagement only last spring. She is the daughter of Mr. G. Reeves-Smith, the first manager of the Brighton Aquarium, and was born in Scarborough. Despite her relations to things histrionic, she had never been "behind the scenes" until her first rehearsal for the part of Mary Vaughan in Messrs. Edgar Bruce and William Duck's "Called Back" company; for though she had been stage-struck for some time, it was while reading Conway's famous novel that she decided she must play the part of the heroine, and for that purpose called at the Strand Theatre to offer her services.



MISS KATE TYNDALL.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

There she was allowed to read the part of Mrs. Vaughan, with the result that she was given it to play, and was later promoted to that of Pauline.

However, Miss Tyndall was then very young, and the work proving too much for her, she was eventually compelled to resign her part and come to London for medical advice, and here, on her convalescence, she saw Mr. Charles Hawtrey, who offered her the part of Eva in "The Private Secretary," at the Globe, a rôle she played for a year, as well as being the original Lily in Mr. Jerome's curtain-raiser, "Barbara," after which she was the Freda Gumblerton in "The Pickpocket." Then she again left the stage for another much-needed rest, returning to rejoin Mr. Hawtrey for the part of Violet Armitage in "Nerves," later on being secured by Mr. Tom Thorne for the Vaudeville before touring as

Molly Seagrim in "Sophia," one of her favourite parts. On her return to town she was seen as Julia in "Meadowsweet," and was also entrusted with the comedy lead at the Opéra Comique during Miss Nellie Farren's season there, playing Ernestine in "Madame." Then came another rest, and then her appearance at the Princess's in "The Star of India," after which she was the Mary Bligh in the late Sir Augustus Harris's production of "The World." Subsequently she played the part of Kate Heathcote in "The Span of Life" and was a very womanly and winsome Ayleen Millar in "In Sight of St. Paul's."

Mr. E. Leicester, who is playing the part of George Thornton, the jealous, impulsive



MR. ERNEST LEICESTER.

Photo by Morrison, Chicago.

husband in the heartrending melodrama, made his stage debut some thirteen years ago, but did not appear on the London boards until 1887, when he went to the Princess's to support Miss Grace Hawthorne in "Siberia." His first professional appearance was made at the New Cross Town Hall in "Money." After working hard in many smaller provincial companies, he was engaged by the late

Mr. William Duck to play Dr. Ceneri in "Called Back," and, later on, Basil North in "Dark Days." On tour he figured in "The Silver King," "Bootle's Baby," "Hands Across the Sea," and "Harbour Lights." Afterwards he returned to London, and, being engaged by Mr. George Conquest, spent five years on the Surrey side, though during his vacations he filled engagements with Miss Kate Vaughan and also played in several of the most popular of the St. James's comedies. His next engagement was at the Adelphi, for the revival of "The Two Orphans," where his reading of the part of Armand called for much praise; and from there he journeyed further west, to the Comedy, to create the part of Ted Morris in "The Prude's Progress," after which he joined Miss Olga Nethersole's company to play Romeo, Armand Duval in "Camille," Count André in "Denise," and to create the part of the faithless Don José in "Carmen," appearing at the Grand Theatre, in the provinces, and during the American tour, from which he returned to accept his present engagement with Mr. Gilmer.

A CLEVER VIOLINIST.

Miss Beatrice Langley, the highly accomplished and attractive young violinist who, with Madame Albani, leaves England on Nov. 5 for a



MISS BEATRICE LANGLEY.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

three months' tour in Canada and the United States, is the daughter of Colonel Langley, late of the Artillery. Born at Chudleigh, in South Devon, she, when still quite a child, evinced a distinct taste for music, and soon developed a decided fondness for the violin. When barely nine years of age she made her first appearance in public by playing, at the Antient Concert-Rooms in Dublin, the obbligate to Braga's well-known serenade, sung upon that occasion by her mother, Mrs. Langley, and received with much enthusiasm. In 1886 the then rising young musician became a pupil of Joseph Ludwig. Subsequently, she studied under the famous Wilhelmj, and at the Crystal Palace in 1893 she made her actual début. Since that time she has appeared at the London Symphony Concerts, at the Queen's Hall, the St. James's Hall, the Imperial Institute, and elsewhere in London, and the display of her marvellous talent has invariably called forth expressions of the highest approval from the Press and the public alike. Miss Beatrice Langley is, I believe, the only lady violinist in London who has played in public the celebrated and difficult A minor variations of Paganini.

"TWO LITTLE VAGABONDS," AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



Dick (Miss Tynall), the son of rich people, is given to a burglar, Mullins, who has a sickly foundling, Wally (Miss Fairbrother), in his keeping. Dick defends Wally from the burglar's blows.



Dick is so solicitous for Wally that he brings him a bottle of cod-liver oil, which Wally turns up his nose at.



The jealous father buys back his boy for three hundred pounds; but Mullins really gives him the foundling, Wally.



Dick steals from Mullins the pocket-book of letters which caused the father's jealousy, and brings them to Wally, who is now in luxury.



Wally and Dick camp out.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

THE ART OF THE DAY.

"Il Pensero," a photographic study by Madame Lombardi (Pall Mall East), is one of the most ingenious compositions of its kind, combining photography, as it does, with a touch of primitivism and of Arcadian beauty. The Lady of Thoughts is seated in the foreground, with her head partly turned away to the left, her hands carelessly clasped, and her whole figure immovable. The dimness of the landscape and the prominent clearness of the figure blend together in harmonious contrast. The study, however, has a yet more interesting character, for

virile art. The face of the young poet, partly turned to the light, is full of eagerness and vitality. The lip, full, sensual, and expressive, gives the curiously effeminate expression to the face which exists in all the Byron portraits, and the thick masses of curly hair in part reveal the noble and high forehead. It is agreeable to record that the frame in which the portrait is set has upon it endearing inscriptions, as "The young, the beautiful, the brave," and that sentence from Macaulay's essay, "A head which statuary loved to copy."



IL PENSIERO.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY MADAME LOMBARDI, PALL MALL EAST.

the sitter has, through her immediate ancestry, a connection with Lord Byron and his "Childe Harold" that must always be inseparable, and just at this period is particularly engrossing.

For we are passing through the acute crisis of a Byron boom. His works, including that monumental edition of Mr. Henley's now issuing from Mr. Heinemann's house, are raining upon our heads from many quarters of the publishing world. It is not without point, therefore, to reproduce, in connection with this Byronian revival, Sir Henry Raeburn's portrait of Byron at the age of seventeen, now in possession of Mr. J. Ichenhäuser, of the Berkeley Galleries, 13, Bruton Street, Berkeley Square. The portrait is an admirable specimen of Raeburn's strong and

From Raeburn to Mr. Philip Burne-Jones, from Byron to Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, is a very long step in art and life. But there is a pleasure in contrast, and Mr. Burne-Jones's portrait of Mrs. Tree, reproduced in this column, is a very elegant, a very attractive, and a very pretty piece of work. The pose of the figure, Whistlerian as it is, is extremely good, while the tender lines of drapery and the pathos of the beautiful face combine to make the whole effect most sweet and graceful. The simplicity of it is especially notable. It is so easy to attempt simplicity and to achieve blankness, that it is delightful to encounter an accomplished piece of work which really leaves blankness far behind and succeeds in being genuinely simple. This is the best and, indeed, the dominant note of the picture.

The Exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society is now open to the public at the New Gallery. It is a necessary commonplace to say that there is a peculiar sadness in this year's show; yet it must be said that the sadness is only too apparent, and may not be avoided; for the death of William Morris deprives the Society of its master, its creator, its inspirer. For a proof of this statement go to the Exhibition at Regent Street, and, although you will indeed perceive several new separate influences, or rather, facts of art which have neither been imitated nor set imitation, there is yet throughout and on every side visible the domineering influence of this one great artist. The books issued from the Kelmscott Press which are here to be seen form part of his last labours. The illustrations have been engraved upon wood by Messrs. Keates, Spielmeyer, and Hooper, and have that beauty of finish which distinguished all the work that issued from William Morris's workshops; but there is no doubt that the contrast of this excellent work with such a production as the "Altar Book," with illustrations by R. Anning Bell and exhibited by the Merrymount Press, Boston, will revive the old and unending controversy as to the respective merits of wood-engraving and mechanical process. There are those to whom the very juxtaposition of the words seems even blasphemous. But let anybody compare this "Altar Book" with a specimen of the Kelmscott books, and, if he be a man of impartial mind, he is not likely to deny that the juxtaposition is not anathema, and that it may even be that process is justified of her children.

Perhaps the most curiously attractive room in the Gallery is that which leads one to inquire why its contents should be there—the collection, that is, of the Ford Madox Brown pictures. There are those who in the presence of Ford Madox Brown's work are perfectly cocksure about its excellence, and, being men of light and leading, they are incontinently followed by the world, just as of old the world opposed him on the same kind of authority. But it is difficult quite to make up one's mind upon the subject. We are told at great length about this singular artist's humour; yet, although it doubtless required great capacity to portray the comedy in which he indulges, such comedy is, nevertheless, rather that of the pantomime than of humanity. Take, for example, such a painting as the "St. Martin," in which, according to the well-known old legend, the Saint gave half of his cloak to a beggar whom he met upon the road. The giggling soldiers in the background may be "humorous" with excellent "comedy," but, after all, is it not the comedy, say, of broad farce?



MRS. H. BEERBOHM TREE.—PHILIP BURNE-JONES.

To stray away from such dangerous ground, none can have the least hesitation in recognising Madox Brown's amazing appreciation of the real element in life, and also the determined audacity with which he introduced that element into his work. Take the "William the Conqueror Finding the Body of Harold." Nobody could complain that the artist had here attempted to shy from truth. But, frankly, is it beautiful? Has it, one need not say, a beautiful accomplishment, but can you detect one scintilla of beauty even in its purpose? Once more to turn away from dangerous ground, there can be no question that



BYRON AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN.—SIR HENRY RÆBURN.
Exhibited at the Berkeley Galleries.

Madox Brown had a remarkable sense of beauty when he chose to exercise that quality, as in portions of that curious picture "The Pretty Little Baa-Lambs."

Yet here again you are confronted with that persistent characteristic which, in one lowly opinion, went so far to spoil the true artist that was in the man. With him the conflict seems ever to have been one between principle and instinct. He had too much logic in his composition, and reasoning too often prevailed where the æsthetic impression should have ruled supreme.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. have just published a very handsome work entitled "The Works of Charles Burton Barber," containing an introduction by Mr. Harry Furniss, and accompanied by forty-one plates and a portrait. The book really forms a Memorial Volume, in which the Queen has given permission for the use of some of the examples of Barber's work belonging to her Majesty. Mr. Furniss's introduction is extremely sympathetic and pleasant. Seldom, indeed (he says), has there lived an artist whose work has been so popular and whose personality so little known as those of Burton Barber, and yet, at the same time, one whose individuality in his pictures has been so evident and so engaging. Shrinking from publicity, indeed, was Mr. Barber's dominant note of character. "For a quarter of a century," writes Mr. Furniss, "he was 'commanded' to attend the royal palaces to paint pictures for royalty; yet not one paragraph announcing this appeared in the Press, and not one penny did the patronage of royalty bring (outside the commission, of course) to the worker." The subjects of the pictures reproduced in this volume are various and engaging, beginning with "The Queen and her Grandchildren," and finishing with "The Late Prince Henry of Battenberg's Pup" and "The New Whip." They are all excellently reproduced.

Messrs. Frost and Reid, of Bristol, have just published a set of original etchings by Mr. Charles Bird, R.P.E., representing the old Church of St. Bartholomew-the-Great, Smithfield, which, with the exception of the Norman Chapel of St. John in the keep of the Tower of London, is the oldest church in London, and one which from the time of its foundation in 1123 has been continuously used as a place of worship. The etchings are really very beautiful, showing the old architecture, the ancient pillars and arches, from every finely attractive point of view. The church was restored by Mr. Aston Webb, and, as the quaint letterpress which accompanies the etchings has it, "The Americans go there in shoals."

THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.

The Yeomen of the Guard are often confused with the Tower Warders. It is doubtful, indeed, whether a careful examination of the libretto of Mr. Gilbert's delightful opera would not reveal several discrepancies on this head. Quoting from memory, one recalls the lines—

Tower Warders under orders,
Brilliant pikemen, gallant swordsmen.

And there the appellation is right. Elsewhere, however, where it is announced that Leonard Meryll has been appointed a "Yeoman of the Guard," it is just possible that Mr. Gilbert's archæology is a little bit shaky. The man to put one right on these fine points is undeniably

ensign, and a Captain, who changes with the Government. The present Captain is Lord Waldegrave, who succeeded Lord Limerick."

"Then this corps is quite distinct from the Tower Warders?"

"Entirely so. The Tower Warders, it is true, wear the same uniform, all except a sash; but only in a remote honorary sense do they belong to the corps of Yeomen of the Guard. Each corps has its separate duties, which never overlap. Another difference, all Yeomen of the Guard must wear their full beard. The Tower Warders were 'sworne extraordinary of the Guard,' and granted the Yeomen's uniform by Edward VI., at the request of the Duke of Somerset, to whom they had shown great civility during his imprisonment.

"The Yeomen of the Guard must all have seen war service. They are, one may say, the pick of the non-commissioned officers of the Army.



MR. P. PENROSE, YEOMAN PORTER OF THE TOWER.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BALL, REGENT STREET, S.W.

Mr. James Ball, of 17, Regent Street, S.W., who has, in his capacity of photographer and miniature-painter, made many very fine pictorial representations of the famous corps. His well-known interest in the Yeomen and his knowledge of that body led me recently to pay him a visit at his studio.

Of the confusion existing in the public mind Mr. Ball was well aware, and he courteously consented to enlighten me for the benefit of others.

"The two corps are quite distinct," he told me. "Her Majesty's Royal Bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard was founded in 1485 by Henry VII., on the model of a similar band maintained by Louis XI. of France. Archers originally, they have carried the partisan since the death of William III. The Earl of Oxford was the first Captain. Their first appearance at Henry's Court took place on Oct. 13, 1485. The corps consists of a hundred men, four exons, an adjutant, a lieutenant and

Senior Messenger Arthur Rule has the Legion of Honour, also the decoration for distinguished conduct in the field, won at Inkerman. He is well known in the Volunteers, and rose to be Major in the Post Office corps. Only one V.C. man is left—Robert Kells, who saved the colours at Delhi. It is interesting to remember that on Aug. 2, 1786, a Yeoman of the Guard saved the life of George III., when Margaret Nicholson tried to stab his Majesty."

"Must the Yeomen Warders of the Tower have seen war service?" I asked.

"Not necessarily. Non-commissioned officers of good conduct are eligible."

"Are the inspections of Yeomen of the Guard and of Yeoman Warders distinct?"

"Quite. The Yeomen of the Guard are inspected once a year, on no fixed day, at their headquarters, St. James's Palace. Their Guard-Room



GENERAL SIR DANIEL LYSONS, G.C.B., CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BALL, REGENT STREET, S.W.



THE WARDERS OF THE TOWER.

is in Friary Court. The Tower Warders, on the other hand, are regularly inspected twice a-year—on May 1 and Nov. 1."

"How long are men eligible for election?"

"Until they are fifty. It is on record that some have been appointed on their fiftieth birthday, but that is cutting it rather fine. The emolument is thirty pounds a-year and uniform. Their duties are to attend at Levées, Drawing-Rooms, and other State occasions. On

those days extra robing-rooms are extemporised for them along the cloisters in Friary Court."

Before I took leave, Mr. Ball showed me several fine photographs and paintings of members of the famous corps, whom he delights to portray. He has in his studio at present a particularly minute and accurate representation, in colours, of a Yeoman in that uniform which is, of all our official costumes, the quaintest and most picturesque.



THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BALL, REGENT STREET, S.W.

SOME LONDON PUBLISHERS.

XVI.—MESSRS. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS.

The house of Messrs. George Routledge and Sons is another of the many publishing firms which have achieved such phenomenal successes during the past half-century by the dissemination of cheap and good literature. The prosperity of any nation is most accurately gauged by the annals of its publishing business, for books are the first to feel the pinch in times of depression, and the last to bask in what may be described as the sunshine of commercial prosperity. If outward and visible signs go for anything, it cannot be said that Messrs. Routledge have much to complain of. Like Knight, Chambers, and Cassell, their primary aim has been the popularisation of good literature, the opening up to everyone of books which, from various causes, had hitherto been sealed.

The founder of the business, the late Mr. George Routledge, commenced his apprenticeship with Charles Thurnam at Carlisle in June 1827, and his probation expired in September 1833, when he came up to London and obtained employment with the well-known house of Baldwin and Craddock, at a salary of sixty pounds per year. Mr. Routledge remained here for three years, and then started on his own account in Ryder's Court, Leicester Square, as a retail bookseller and purchaser of books at sales, supplying new books as they were ordered. During this year, 1836, he published his first book, "The Beauties of Gilsand Spa," which place is situated on the borders of Cumberland and Northumberland, where Sir Walter Scott became engaged to his future wife. This book was a failure, Gilsand Spa apparently appealing to only a local *clientèle*. Through the influence of his friend, Mr. William Blamire, M.P. for Cumberland, the young publisher obtained, in 1837, an appointment in the Tithe Office, and as the salary was fairly good and the hours short, he was still able to keep his business going, and the extra money was highly acceptable in enabling him to speculate more largely in the purchase of "remainders." Mr. Routledge retained this appointment for four years, and then entered more fully than ever into publishing. In 1843 he removed to 36, Soho Square, and began the publication of Barnes's "Notes on the Old and New Testaments," edited by Dr. Cumming, and eventually completed in twenty-one volumes. The late Mr. Routledge himself modestly admitted that this venture turned out a "profitable speculation."

In 1848 Mr. Routledge took into partnership Mr. W. H. Warne, his brother-in-law, who had been with him in Ryder's Court; in this year also the firm commenced one of the greatest and most profitable enterprises—the issue of "The Railway Library." An excellent start was made with Fenimore Cooper's "Pilot"; the series was continued monthly for many years, and over one thousand volumes have appeared. Mr. Routledge was the first to supply W. H. Smith and Son with novels for their bookstalls. James Grant's "Romance of War" was another great success, and of this popular work over 100,000 copies have been sold, while the firm still holds the copyrights of all Mr. Grant's novels—fifty-three in number. Another series was started about this time, the "Popular Library," comprising travels, biography, and other works of a miscellaneous character, which had a great vogue for a few years.

Another move was made in 1851, this time to Farringdon Street, Mr. Frederick Warne having at about the same period been taken into partnership. The firm's next great success was with "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which had been brought them by a printer to sell to the trade in town and country. The popularity of this book was enormous, the firm frequently sending out 10,000 copies in a day, and its sale in the various Routledge editions, from sixpence to six shillings, has exceeded 500,000. Of a companion volume to this book, taking the opposite side of the question, "White Slave," over 100,000 were sold. Of two other books of American origin, Eliza Wetherell's



MR. EDMUND ROUTLEDGE.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

"Wide, Wide World," and the same author's "Queechy," the firm has sold about 200,000 copies. Probably the best stroke of business accomplished by the house was the purchase, on Dec. 27, 1853, of Lytton's novels. The sum paid was £20,000 for a term of ten years; after Lord Lytton's death, Messrs. Routledge purchased of his successor all the copyrights and plant of his distinguished father. The privilege of publishing Lord Lytton's novels, &c., has cost Messrs. Routledge £40,000. It was successful in paving the way for arrangements with other

popular authors—with Disraeli, with W. Harrison Ainsworth, with Howard Russell, G. P. R. James, and many others.

In April 1854 Mr. Routledge went to New York and opened a branch house; he also became acquainted with the distinguished historian W. H. Prescott, and soon after became his publisher in this country; he had, at the same time, pleasant interviews with both Dr. Wendell Holmes and Longfellow. In the following year the firm published a beautiful edition of Longfellow's works—a magnificent quarto, on which over a thousand pounds was spent on the illustrations, and of which upwards of twelve thousand copies have been sold. Their next big undertaking was in 1857, when they commenced the issue of the fine edition of Shakspeare edited by Howard Staunton and illustrated with about a thousand drawings in wood by Sir John Gilbert. The plant for this work cost £10,000, in which amount neither the printing nor the binding is included. A very smart piece of enterprise characterised the Routledge annals of 1858. Rarey, the American horse-trainer, came to this country to show people how to tame savage horses. He gave private performances to those who paid ten guineas, and they had to be sworn not to divulge what they had seen. A Mr. Symons of Manchester had just returned from the States, and with him he brought a sixpenny book which Rarey had published there, containing everything that was in the lecture. Mr. Routledge agreed with Mr. Symons to publish the book on half profits. In a very few weeks more than 110,000 copies were sold, and Mr. Rarey's performances were stopped.



COLONEL R. W. ROUTLEDGE.
Photo by Mayall, New Bond Street, W.

The Staunton Shakspeare had barely got under weigh in its monthly issue before another big and equally costly publication was decided upon, namely, the Rev. J. G. Wood's "Natural History," a work which did more towards popularising natural history and making it understood by the people than any other. The first part of it appeared in February 1859, and the illustrations were by the best artists, Harrison Weir, Wolfe, Zwecker, and others. The production of this work cost £16,000. When the late Mr. George Routledge was entertained by his friends at a complimentary dinner in January 1888, he pointed out that in 1836 one book only was published, but in fifty years the number exceeded 5000; in other words, the firm has published an average of two books per week for half a century.

Messrs. Routledge's sixpenny editions of the various popular novels have been very widely appreciated, as is evidenced by the fact that they have sold and still continue to sell by the million. Those who prefer their statements in figures will be interested in the following: Dumas' "Monte Cristo" has an annual sale of about 41,000 copies, "Three Musketeers" and "Twenty Years After" an average of about 10,000 each; "Handy Andy," 18,000; "Valentine Vox," 14,000; the average sale of each of Harrison Ainsworth's novels varies between 9000 and 10,000—"The Tower of London," the best of them all, leading easily. Lytton's sixpenny editions sometimes run to 80,000; Marryat's, 60,000; and Scott's novels, 30,000. Of the poets, Longfellow comes at the head with an average of 6000; Scott, about 3000; Shakspeare, rather less than Scott; while Byron, Moore, and Burns vary from 2000 each upwards.

With the enormous annual output indicated by the above figures, to say nothing of the thousands of other books always in print and always in demand, any firm might be content to rest on its oars. But the publishing business is essentially a progressive one, and the publisher who fails to bring out new books is likely to go behind at a very rapid rate. The more recent of Messrs. Routledge's successes have been Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter's "Mr. Barnes of New York" and Colonel Savage's "My Official Wife," and some excellent sporting novels by Nat Gould, and to these authors the firm admits to paying larger royalties than they have ever paid before.

When, over thirty years ago, the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway invaded the neighbourhood of Farringdon Street, the business of Messrs. Routledge was removed to the very spacious premises at Broadway (so named apparently *quasi lucus a non lucendo*), Ludgate Hill. Mr. Frederic Warne retired from the firm in 1865, and established a fresh business in Bedford Street, Covent Garden. Mr. George Routledge's eldest son, Colonel R. W. Routledge, entered the business in November 1853, and is now its head; he is a prominent Volunteer and commanded the 2nd Volunteer Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers from September 1876 to November 1893. He was a member of the War Office Committee in 1886, presided over by Lord Harris, and is a member of the Council of the London Chamber of Commerce. His partner and brother Mr. Edmund Routledge was one of the original Aldermen of the London County Council, a J.P. for the County of London, and has made three attempts to get into Parliament. The founder of the firm died in December 1888, and had served the office of High Sheriff of his native county of Cumberland, and was also a Deputy-Lieutenant and Justice of the Peace.

THE MODERN ART OF BIRD-NESTING

Bird-nesting has undergone recently a very decided change, and become, as the photographs reproduced on this page show, a harmless and instructive art. Nests are really biological puzzles, for no one has been able to show how birds have become masters of their wonderful craft. Birds are architects not made, but born. Without any elaborate and expensive apprenticeship, without any tuition whatever, they are experts in choosing sites for their homes; they know what material to select for building, how to lay it into a foundation, and how to weave it up into a finished edifice. They build, too, in so many different styles. As may be seen from the illustrations, the nests of the blackbird and thrush have a close resemblance, for they both belong to the same school of architecture. This is not astonishing, for, however unlike the two may be in appearance, they are really near relatives. Both build cup-shaped nests, with rough walls of woven grass and small twigs, the blackbird's having rather the rougher exterior. Both build in shrubberies or close covers on the blackthorn, the hawthorn, or even in gorse bushes; but of the two, the blackbird is the more cunning in hiding away its nest. Both also line their nests, the thrush with decayed wood and mud, the blackbird with clay, which, however, it again covers with a thin layer of fine grass. This peculiar lining is a very clever invention for retaining the heat of the brooding bird.

The tiny wren belongs to quite another school of builders. It constructs a dome-shaped edifice, worked delicately out of moss and fine grass, with a round, neat opening at the side. It selects some recess in a bank or in a hollow tree for a site, and works its nest so artfully in harmony with the surroundings as almost to defy detection. It is a much more elaborate and comfortable abode than that of the thrush or blackbird, and it requires to be, for it has to serve for winter as well as summer quarters. The wren does not always manage to build a nest

at the first attempt, for as many as three or four abandoned efforts may be found in the vicinity of the finished habitation. The thrush also has been seen to tear its nest to pieces, evidently having made the discovery of an initial blunder in the construction.

The change that has come over the spirit of bird-nesting is not an isolated event, but part of a great general movement that has been affecting this country for some time past. Every sport savouring of cruelty is disappearing. Birds, beasts, and creeping things hold now a higher place in the interest and affection of the public than ever they held before. One can see it in the extraordinary demand for all sorts of works dealing with Natural History, and, of all the different kinds, those dealing with birds are first favourites. Many of the works, too, that are being published to meet this demand are excellent, accurately and brightly written, and beautifully illustrated. Of none can this be more truly said than of that large treatise on "British Birds, with their Nests and Eggs," written by men of the very highest authority, and being published in parts by Messrs. Horace Marshall and Son. It is marvellously cheap and beautiful. With an extension of the public's acquaintance with birds and their ways, there is bound to come an increase in its sympathy for them, and renewed efforts to protect those that stand in need of protection. In this movement the Society for the Protection of Birds is taking a most active part. It has embarked on an educational crusade against poachers in general, and gamekeepers and ladies of fashion in particular, and has started away in the right direction, too, by publishing a series of tracts, at nominal prices, each treating of a bird that is in special need of the Society's assistance. Sir Herbert Maxwell, one of the first authorities in matters relating to

the bird world, makes a splendid appeal for the woodpeckers, which ought to put a stop to the nefarious traffic in their wings and tails in millinery establishments. Mr. Montagu Sharp pleads for the owls, and other tracts by equally standard authorities will soon be issued.



THRUSH'S NEST.



BLACKBIRD'S NEST.



JENNY WREN'S NEST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. T. NEWMAN, BERKHAMSTEAD.

THE DOG AS A DUDE.

Although the pet-dog craze, with all its side-issues, has assumed immense proportions in Paris and New York, to say nothing of London—where at least two “dogs’ toilet-clubs” are in active operation—it is quite a

mistake to suppose that the fashion dates only from yesterday. Madame Patti and a few Parisian *élégantes* go even further, for each of their canine favourites boasts of a beautiful little card-case, and is taken in solemn state to pay visits to his four-footed friends.

In Paris quite a number of trades have sprung up round the pet-dog, and have proved exceedingly lucrative to those who were the first to take advantage of what then seemed the most *fin-de-siècle* extravagance

yet devised by members of the smart world. The New York “Four Hundred” and their satellites go even one better, and now each dude dog has his own maid- or man-servant, and pays a regular visit to a certain Professor Posner, a celebrated New York dog’s barber, who

leaving fluffy sausage-like rolls of hair, which make the dog look as if he had a fur boa rolled several times round some portion of his body. All these experiments can, of course, be tried only with a certain type of long-haired or woolly dog, but many efforts have also been made to alter the natural appearance and character of Griffons, Blenheims, King Charles’s, Skyes, and Yorkshire terriers. These last are just now great favourites in Paris, but of late their appearance essentially suggests the French proverb, “You must suffer to be beautiful,” for instead of being allowed to wear their untidy but characteristic fringe or bang, the long hairs are carefully parted and combed, and tied with ribbon chosen to match their mistresses’ gowns. This canine coiffure is termed by the irreverent “the head-dress à la Mérode,” in honour of the lady who first resuscitated in Paris the parted hair and curtains so well known to the early Victorian era.

The dog’s hairdresser plays a comparatively humble part compared to that taken by the canine tailor. The Worth of the Parisian dog is a certain Ledouble, and to him every self-respecting “Tou-Tou” owes at least a portion of his dainty wardrobe. Even in New York a dog’s trousseau, as made in Paris, is no trifling matter, and consists of: Plated collar, 8s. 6d.; bracelet, 4s. 9d.; six night-gowns, 48s.; six handkerchiefs, 20s.; one pair tan boots, 4s. 6d.; one pair rubber boots, 4s. 6d.;



is himself assisted by a large staff of assistants. Poodles have always held their own among fancy dogs, and during the Second Empire a number of men made quite a profitable livelihood simply by spending two hours each morning on the banks of the Seine, under the historic quays, for there the great lady would herself bring her beloved “Tou-Tou” to be shaved and washed. There was nothing luxurious about the proceeding; the dog’s barber of those days was a simple soul, and invested only in a few bars of black soap and a set of sharp razors. Indeed, he thought himself very fortunate if he received a five-franc fee.

Now, however, the canine hairdresser is a very important personage, and some more or less skilful member of the confraternity is to be found

one morning wrapper, 12s.; one seaside coat, 30s.; one morning-coat, 12s.; one dress-coat, 25s.; one travelling-coat, 40s.; one fur-trimmed overcoat, 20s. But Ledouble charges very much higher prices, and this year he inaugurated a number of holiday garments for his little clients. These included a special bathing-dress, made of blue linen, on which were embroidered white anchors and the name of the watering-place for which the dog and his mistress were bound. For smart occasions, a coat made of white piqué, with a lace collar, and a pretty little pocket to hold “Tou-Tou’s” handkerchief, was much appreciated. In the evening Ledouble’s most pampered clients can, if their owners choose that they shall do so, appear in a white satin coat trimmed with narrow rows of



established in every fashionable quarter of Paris. Again, whereas in old days there were but two or three ways of shaving a dog, there are now at least a dozen, and “le chien élégant” can change his “coiffure” as often as can his mistress. One month he will appear as a miniature lion, the next as a tiger, and so on. At the present moment the most select dog-modes are started in London, and consist in forming and

black satin and real lace insertions. As much attention is paid to the lining of these garments as to the outside itself. Again, more than a dozen Parisian dogs always wear in cold weather coats made to match their masters’ liveries. There is some sense in this, for, especially in the case of Italian dogs, a certain protection against the bitter cold of a Paris winter is undoubtedly needed.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



WHICH IS THE PUP?



SATISFIED WITH LITTLE.



OLD LADY (*the old style*): What, my dear, are you dipping into the third volume to see if they marry?

YOUNG LADY (*the new style*): Oh, they were married early in the first volume: I only wanted to see if it was really her husband who poisoned her.



"Why is Irving in 'The Lyons Mail' like a pat of butter? Because he goes down well in a couple of French rôles."

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

BEYOND THE REACH OF LAW.

BY GERARD HOWELL.

June is not delightful except to those who can be delighted, and Mr. Clarence Armitage, of No. 14, Somerset Square, was not a man to whom June or any other month was delightful. He had just seen his three little children off to their school close by, watching them across the Square, and he came back to the dining-room, where breakfast was laid for him, and where his letters, a great heap of them, awaited him. He wearily stood sorting them out, and at last picked out one written in a lawyer's handwriting, and bearing the monogram of Messrs. Clarke and Russell. He waited motionless almost while the servant brought in hot coffee, bacon, and eggs, and replying to her question that he wished for nothing else, he took up the letter and slowly opened it as the door was closed upon him. It read as follows—

22, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C., June 1, 18—.

DEAR SIR,—We hasten to inform you that the rule was made absolute this day in court, and that, therefore, the case is now finished in your favour.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
CLARKE AND RUSSELL.
Clarence Armitage, Esq.

"Oh, my poor wife! poor, darling Kate!" he cried out to himself. "Why did I go to these lengths? What is my life worth to me now? Why did you leave me? Why did you leave me?"

Perhaps these questions are asked more often than one would suppose, perhaps the dreary silence of the reply to them tells as strongly upon the nerves of others as it did upon those of Clarence Armitage. He bore it all, though, silently and apparently unmoved. His life was very methodical. He saw after everything himself. In the morning he was down early enough to see that the three younger children had their breakfast properly and to afterwards speed them on their way to school, then to greet his two elder boys as they set out for University College. He was a reserved man, and yet there was a world of affection for his four boys and little girl, youngest and daintiest of them all. The children seemed to recognise it, for they loved their father. After settling with his housekeeper the necessary details of the day, he proceeded to his office, and then, at six o'clock, upon his return, he had high tea with his children, helped them in their lessons, sometimes saw them in their bath, and always at the last, when all the house was quiet, went up to their bedside and saw that they were comfortable for the night.

A household of routine was this. Clarence Armitage resolved to be all in all to his children so long as they were with him, and he found his greatest comfort in this. But he could not realise that the world contained so many hopelessly untuneful minds. His trouble was, of course, known. It brought him letters of condolence, letters of congratulation, letters of sympathy—all of them couched in terms that made his heartache still more acute. "Damn their interfering insolence!" was his outspoken comment, and he knew such friends no more. In vain did invitations come, in vain did the formulæ of "Come and see us, old fellow," "We want you, old chap, to join us to-morrow night," and all the rest of them, appeal to him. He only ground his teeth and repeated his "Damn their infernal insolence!" to himself as he turned from them.

But these were not the only stabs he received. There were those conveyed by the unconscious prattle of his little five-year-old girl—slight, gentle stabs that almost pleased him in their wounding. And once, about three months after Mrs. Armitage had become free from the ties of wifehood, there was a very big stab indeed, which threatened the harmony that had reigned until then. He had said good-night and had gone to his study, when upstairs there arose a screaming from little voices, and harsh, angry notes from the lips of boys who were not controlled yet by the world's heavy hand of repression. Mr. Armitage flung his cigarette down and rose to go upstairs, when the door was thrown open and Ralph Armitage stood there panting and raging in his youthful heat.

"Father," he cried out, "you have not forbidden Katie and—?" The poor boy burst into tears. Something had turned his first flash of indignant defiance of his father into a burst of heartfelt grief.

"Well, Ralph, what does all this mean, and what is all the crying and noise upstairs about?"

"Oh, father, dear little Katie was saying her prayers, and she said—she said, 'God bless dear mother, and—and—'" The boy stopped abruptly, and Mr. Armitage turned deadly pale.

"Well, Ralph," he said kindly, "tell me all about it, my boy. Forbidden her to pray for her mother? No, certainly not."

"Oh, I thought not; but Mrs. Cookson said she mustn't do so, and that it was wicked to think anything more about mother, and that Katie nor any of them were ever to mention her, and that you would be angry."

Mr. Armitage put his hand on the boy's shoulder and went upstairs. There was still crying going on there, still hot, defiant words of the raging boys, and then Mr. Armitage stood in their midst. He took his little daughter in his arms and kissed her again and again.

"Well, Katie darling," he said; "say your prayer over again, dear, will you, and let me hear it?"

"But, father, Mrs. Cookson says it's wicked," said the child, looking over to the housekeeper, who stood folding up the children's things.

"No, my dear, it isn't wicked, so let me hear it."

The child began at the beginning the old, old prayer, said by how

many generations of children, but with an additional and pathetic sentence in this case. "Pray God bless dear father and mother, and bring mother back to us all again." Mr. Armitage kissed his little one, and put her into her bed himself. And he told Mrs. Cookson never to speak to his children again in the way she had done, and he learnt from his eldest boy Ralph that little Katie had said this prayer all to herself for a long time, and that afterwards he and his brothers always came upstairs to hear her. "Father," said the lad, breaking down, "why can't you let mother come again?"

Yes, this was the biggest stab he had had, and it took him some time to recover. It was all so real. And one bright moonlight night, after he had seen all the lights out and the house locked up, he had descended into the drawing-room to fetch a book, but stood in the darkness of the room looking out into the Square garden. The figure of a girl, dressed in the black-and-white costume of a housemaid, appeared crossing the road from the house next door. Evidently she was going to the post.

"Well, that is curious," he mused. "How startlingly like her walk! Bah! how stupid and morbid I grow in my loneliness! I am always imagining I see Kate—always, always imagining, but never realising. What has become of her?" The girl was walking back very slowly and with a dragging sort of step, as if she expected someone, thought Mr. Armitage. She came opposite the house, and he could then see that she held her handkerchief to her face as if to protect it from the night air. She looked up and down the roadway, but if she expected someone there was no one in sight. And then she did a curious thing. She held her handkerchief in her mouth, and stood a moment, only a moment, with clasped hands, looking towards the upper windows of the house. Then she hurried across the road, dropped her handkerchief and stopped to pick it up, turned one swift glance up again to the house, and ran quickly down the servants' entrance of the house next door.

"My God! I believe that's Kate! I believe it's Kate! It is! it is! it is!" Oh, to still his beating heart! He went upstairs and turned down the gas in his bedroom, which fronted on to the street, took his hat and stick, and went softly from the house. Proceeding to the opposite side of the Square garden, he let himself in and softly crept up to the front of his own and the next-door house, keeping always in the shadow of the trees.

Friends were going away from his neighbour's house, and shortly after came the outputting of lights from the lower part of the house and the lighting of the upper part. Mr. Armitage watched the process minutely. There is a fascination in it when there is no interest; but to this silent watcher there was an absorbing force. The lights appeared in the top floor of all. A shadow occasionally across the blinds, then the disappearance of the light, and then quiet. Still he watched on. Presently the blind was drawn up, then the window was gently opened, and the white-robed figure of a woman leant far out over the window-sill, as far as she could reach, and looked, looked as far as she might, into the windows of Mr. Armitage's house. Then, after a few moments, she disappeared, and the house was silent for the night.

And what of the watchman? Clarence Armitage, who had only so recently as a few months ago divorced his wife, had seen her once more, of that he was certain; had seen the uplifted face and arms, had seen the strained look from window to window, had read all that this meant to the woman whom he had loved so fondly, who, in the world's idea of things and in his own, some months ago, had wronged him so dreadfully, and whom he now loved—yes, loved as strongly as ever? Was this his confession to the moon—this his romance told to the besmoked London trees, tossed upwards from the solid ground of gravel and turf? Was this a form of London romance, unseen from the hundreds of windows that hemmed it all round, undreamt of by all the sleepers, unknown to all those who talked sweet love to each other ere they, too, joined the band of sleepers? Daylight had glinted over the housetops before Clarence Armitage left his vigil-ground and stole softly back to his own deserted chamber.

Next morning he was in a feverish, restless condition, uncertain what to do, what to think, what to determine. He could not go to his office, he could not remain at home, he could not go out. What would happen that night? Could he get to speak to her? This was the cry that arose in his heart and kept upleaping there all the dreary day long.

At last the day was done; at last all were gone to their rest, and a full hour before the last post-time he took up his position just within the gateway of the square garden and just opposite to the pillar-box of the post-office. Would she come? That was the eternal question asked and answered during this slowly moving hour. Yes, at last the black figure and white flowing cap came along in the direction of the pillar-box. Clarence Armitage trembled and almost shook in his excitement. But a new event calmed him. As she approached the letter-box, and just after posting the letters she held in her hands, a man came round the corner, his evening-dress showing underneath the half-open overcoat, his step unsteady and gay. As he approached the girl he seemed to recognise her.

"Ah, Annie," he said, "is it you, my dear? Come for a walk; I'll make it all right."

"No, sir, certainly not."

Clarence gave a fearful start, for it was his wife's voice.

"Bosh and nonsense!" replied the man. "You must come. You are a devilish good-looking girl, Annie, and I'll give you ever so much,

just what you like, if you will only—" He had got up to the girl, and had taken hold of her arm—roughly, too.

"No, sir; you mustn't talk like that, and you hurt me."

"Hurt you? Nonsense!" was the reply, thickly spoken, partly from passion, partly from drink. "You'll come with me, my dear, to-night! Say yes, or I'll—"

"No, no! Let me go. You must let me go!"

Clarence Armitage stepped forward, and, as the fellow took hold of the girl's bodice in a rude, rough fashion, he struck him full in the face, and then turned to his wife and hastily whispered, "Don't cry out, darling! darling! darling! I have been watching for you so long—oh, so long! Come home to me again—come home! Come now, while there is yet time to get in quietly."

Kate Armitage, for it was she, stood dazed, but allowed her husband to carry her, rather than lead her, towards the house. Fortunately no one was about. Hastily opening the door with his key, he drew her inside and shut the door.

"Oh, Clarence, I cannot, I cannot!" she cried, as she covered her face with her hands and slid down on to the floor of the dining-room, where he had taken her. "You have found me out, and now you are going to torture me, to send me away from my watch-house next door. Oh, don't do that! Be merciful, dear, for our old love's sake, for our children's sake."

"Katie, dear, be calm, be calm," he replied soothingly; "you shall never leave me again, never again, I swear! Oh, how I have longed for you again! How I have sought for you! How our children have prayed for you! There, now, do not cry, darling. Be quiet, and all will yet be well."

"But do you mean that you wish me back again—me?"

At last he was able to assure her on this point, and then began the task of soothing her and himself. She at first wanted to go back that night, but ceased to argue the point, as Clarence declared he could not let her. Then he took her all over the house, pointed out that everything stood just as it used to stand; took her into their bedroom and showed her her dresses still hanging in the wardrobe, her jewel-case, her hair-brushes, her linen, just as she had left them. Finally, after a night of such painful joy as is not known to any but such as these, he let her say a prayer over her sleeping children. And then he once more folded her in his arms, led her downstairs to the study, where of old they generally sat, and talked of the practical side of the question that remained to them. She had assumed the position of a domestic servant next door, because she wanted to be near; she had preserved her secret all these months, and had seen and known his watchful care of their children. Lately the young master had been rude to her, and had spoken of things such as he had repeated in Clarence's hearing; she had been compelled to think of going away in consequence, but could not bring herself to take the step which would separate her from those she loved. That was her story so far. Who shall penetrate further? Why need we? Why relate the old story, when the new one is but just told, and when Clarence Armitage needed only the practical steps to be discussed as they stood locked in each other's arms at three o'clock in the morning? Only one thing he insisted upon: that they should be re-married at once; that she should change her dress, and he would take her to a hotel as soon as the day had begun, that she should go down into the country the day after, and he would bring the children to her for their summer holiday.

"Yes, my love, my love!" he said, as he held her at arm's-length and surveyed her in her black dress, "my beautiful love, we will keep this dress sacred to this night."

And while her tears flowed fast and it seemed impossible to make the throbbing heart peaceful again, he reverently put on her one of her old dresses, and then once more they talked of their old, old love, and he once more declared she must never leave him. They left the house before the servants began to stir, and their strange wooing ceased until once more they were husband and wife.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Heinemann has given to Mr. Stephen Crane's "Maggie" something of the appearance of an old-fashioned Sunday School prize-book. This is surely dangerous. The book will sustain the reputation of the author of "The Red Badge of Courage" for originality and independence, as also for restraint in the midst of much daring. It is a story of misery, poverty, and brutality in New York, of a girl who grew up amid sordid circumstances, affectionate and pretty—a very real, human girl, with a hunger for pleasure as keen as that of her betters, and a great capacity for hero-worship. A magnificent hero comes in her way, one Pete, employed in a public-house, who is extremely particular over his toilet, and who condescendingly takes her to music-halls, orders refreshments for her, and when the waiter is slow in attending to her wants, tells him to "Git off d' cart." Pete is to her a god, and so Maggie, with her brutal home, seems following the path of heavenly light when she clings to him. It is a miserable and an inevitable tragedy, told in relentless stages, but not brutally. It is a terrible satire, but the writer has stopped short of cynicism—not far enough, however, to make "Maggie" palatable to the lovers of only pleasant things.

Mrs. Lynn-Linton scolds modern people very much at the beginning of "Dulcie Everton" (Chatto) for their preference for morbid and *risqué* subjects, their unwholesome interest in problems, in sin, and in scandal. We are at once edified, and settle down to a comfortable

old-fashioned romance, as we fondly hope. But Mrs. Linton is very provoking. After a distinct promise of only virtuous conduct—such is our translation of her scorn for transgressors of conjugal laws—she gives us a very ugly story indeed, and disturbs the peace of the village by introducing first a disillusioned, gloomy man, his heart killed by a terrible siren, who had poisoned one husband, and whose long practice had been to ensnare young, guileless youth; then later the terrible siren herself, who is as mischievous as ever till she is shot dead. Mrs. Linton thinks perhaps that this kind of thing is much less harmful than the morbid novel of to-day, probing sin; that it is only sensation, and that sensation has a respectable tradition. At least, this line of defence is sometimes taken. Is there anything in it? Whether or not, Mrs. Linton has shown, and in other books besides "Dulcie Everton," that she would be hard put to it to make a lively novel without a plentiful use of sin to help out her material. Her method of employing it is the only moral one, we gather.

There are only two novels of the moment for which the libraries are likely to be stormed. The admirers of the one will frown or sniff haughtily when I name the other in the same breath; but both are safely sheltered from the harm of criticism or of foolish comparison by the serried thousands and thousands of their readers. "Sir George Tressady" (Smith, Elder), which I have not read as yet, will, of course, demand separate and serious notice outside this column. The other, Miss Corelli's "Murder of Delicia" (Skeffington), I have read every word of; and at the end I wished for more. There is, in truth, something magnificent about it; and if the magnificent something is neither ability, nor imagination, nor invention, it astonishes and impresses none the less. Take every grand and exquisite moral attribute, mix with glowing genius at its highest power, and physical beauty of the rarest, stir in the most remarkable business faculties and social aptitudes, also a complete knowledge of the most seductive arts of the toilette, add unlimited success, and you have the heroine Delicia, authoress of immortal works that brought in ten thousand pounds each. She was the "witness of the eternal supremacy of truth and justice amid a world of shams." But she had her readers by the hundreds of thousands, not only here, but among the "nations." Popularity could go no further. What, then, of the "world of shams"? Something is scolded in a screaming tone all the way through, and Delicia is mourned over because she dies after learning that her husband, whom she maintains, prefers a vulgar dancer. But, as things go in the world, she was so exceptionally lucky that pity is surely wasted on her. The perusal of her history is not only a huge entertainment, but instructive, too, in a melancholy fashion.

Mr. Martin Hume is a digger in old fields of history, after the fashion of M. Jussérand. In out-of-the-way corners, in neglected heaps, things both weighty and trivial have turned up to reward his persevering search. He is quick to see what is of general human interest in his "finds," though he may not always present the result with the grace of the Frenchman on whose work his sketches and studies seem to be modelled. Only a short time ago his "Courtships of Queen Elizabeth" was read with keen interest both by students and by lighter persons. There is excellent reading, again, in his new volume, "The Year After the Armada, and Other Historical Studies" (Unwin). The late sixteenth and the seventeenth centuries are a fairly well-known epoch to most readers, and that the main events and principal personages should be familiar is an advantage when we are taken behind the scenes.

The brightest papers have Spanish subjects, though England is the scene of the best of all, "The Coming of Philip the Prudent"; that is, Philip, the husband of our Mary. The story of his landing and his journey to London is given from the Spanish point of view, and the impressions, good and bad, of his proud, watchful, expectant, and suspicious retinue are curious to read. Their first important stoppage was at Winchester, an interesting city, of course, but surprisingly interesting in the eyes of the visitors from the native land of romance. On their way to the Queen, we are told, "they found themselves in a beautiful garden, with rippling fountains and arbours, which reminded them, they say, of the books of chivalry. Indeed, nothing is more curious than the grave seriousness with which all the Spanish narrators refer to England as the land of Amadis and of Arthur and his knights, and their attempts to identify localities and characteristics of England with the descriptions they have read of the land of romance, which they firmly believe to be England and not Brittany." But everything did not please. The Englishwomen, for instance. "They are not at all handsome, nor do they dance gracefully, as all their dancing only consists of ambling and trotting. Not a single Spanish gentleman is in love with any of them." The discontent spread with their stay in the country.

An exceedingly curious picture of court intrigues and royal misery is presented in the story of Charles the Bewitched, the half-imbecile, prematurely decrepit son of Philip IV.; and another obscure but interesting chapter in the history of the same family is to be found in the short account of Don Francis Ferdinand, the eldest but illegitimate brother of the Bewitched. He was given as a young child into the hands of a gentleman of Salamanca to be brought up. Such minute directions were set down about his health, dress, education, and especially his diet—it is worth while examining what a Spanish child in 1630 was thought best to flourish on—that one must suppose his royal father to have been keenly interested in him. Had he lived and been legitimised, he might have saved the house of Austria from decay and considerably changed the history of Europe. But he died without discovering who he was. All readers of Mr. Hume's work must wish him more power in his digging and foraging.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

So William Morris, poet, decorator, and Socialist, has passed away from us—too soon for his friends, but probably not too soon for literature. For of him it might truly have been said that he was a poet first and a Socialist afterwards, and that he largely ceased to be a poet when he became thoroughly a Socialist. His first revelation was in the curious, fascinating, irritating poems of "The Defence of Guenevere," with all the mystic vagueness and all the haunting sorrow of Middle Age love and legend and sorcery. You could not quite understand the lyrics—the more mystic of them, at least—filmy as gossamer, they eluded your grasp like gossamer. You could see the obvious faults of workmanship, the loosenesses and roughnesses, which yet added so to the feeling that here, far more than in the more polished and finished work of Rossetti, you had the real Middle Ages. For you felt that, if the poems puzzled you, they puzzled the poet also.

It is a pity that William Morris did not give us all the Arthurian legends when he was in his first mediæval period. There was passion

was the craving of certain Norsemen to find a land without death and escape the common lot of mankind. The stories were told with an art growing ever more refined and picturesque, the quaint roughnesses of the mediæval manner dropping away as the work progressed. Certain tales of the latter volumes of the "Earthly Paradise"—"The Ring Given to Venus," "Bellerophon in Lycia," "The Hill of Venus"—are as near perfection in pure narrative verse as the English language is likely to attain. The style has clarified itself from the vaguenesses and metrical lapses of the early poems; it has not yet received the turbid affluent of Norse Saga, and what was described, with more truth than kindness, as "Wardour Street English." The episode of the Chimæra in the story of Bellerophon is magnificent; there is just enough mediæval romance and mystery infused into the tale to make the legend really weird and the monster really terrifying. To the clear-sighted and rationalising Greeks of the age of Pericles the tale would have been a mere childish allegory. Morris has made it live again. Unquestionably his finest field was that of classical romance, if one may put it so—of Greek myth viewed through a mediæval haze, or mediæval legend touched with a gleam of Greek light.



A SIESTA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. HAWES, FINCHLEY ROAD, N.W.

then in his verse, and the real legendary atmosphere. And it is curious that in the "Earthly Paradise" and later narrative poems he never touched the Arthurian cycle again, after making his first successes in it. Perhaps it was reluctance to trench on other poets' preserves; but the abstinence was unfortunate. For though two others of our major poets have treated Arthurian subjects at some length, neither has been altogether successful. Tennyson's wonderful word-pictures and musical verse are not more than enough to make us excuse his method of treatment, which makes the living knights and ladies of the fantastic legend into an allegory of "moral virtues and their contrary vices," and in all the later "Idylls"—fancy an Epic made up of idylls!—refined King Arthur into a legendary prototype of the late Prince Consort.

Swinburne, again, while, if anything, over-reverent to the legends he has treated, has drowned narrative out of sight in his *Tristram of Lyonesse*. Like the barbarian chieftain buried under "The Roses of Helioabalus" in Alma-Tadema's picture, the lovers of Tintagel are smothered in a rush and riot of redundant alliterations. William Morris might have given us the real Arthurian epic, but only through a part of his life. When he wrote the "Earthly Paradise" the chance was already gone.

Nothing more absolutely anti-Socialist in its spirit could well be imagined than the "Earthly Paradise." The framework of the story

After the "Earthly Paradise," the poet declined. Though he thought otherwise, the Greek element in legend was more essential to him than the Norse and Icelandic. He had not enough passion to carry the rough metres and archaic diction to which he surrendered himself. A poet rather artistic than vigorous, he dropped half his art and could only mimic vigour. His Homer and Virgil renderings were portentous works of skilful and laborious wrongheadedness. As for his Socialistic songs—they were probably as good as could be done. But he was not a song-writer, nor is modern Socialism a matter of songs, but of statistics and hard prose. The figures of the Fabian Society may be works of imagination, but they are not poetical. Socialism in England means lecturing to a not unfriendly public on the advantages of municipal ownership of gasworks and waterworks, on the living wage, and the taxation of ground rents.

By his sincere but ill-judged plunges into poetical Socialism he robbed us of our tale-teller and did his Fabian friends no good. He was not, as he complained, a "Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time." On the contrary, it was just because he was a dreamer of beautiful dreams, born into a hard, practical, and prosaic time, that he was so useful and valuable. We bought his wall-papers and read his tales and were refreshed. If one might define William Morris at his best, it would be as a decorative artist in romantic verse and furniture. And all Art is decoration of some sort.

MARMITON.



MR. JUSTICE GRANTHAM.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. J. WHITLOCK, BIRMINGHAM.

COAL SUPPLIED BY WATER.

Bare statistics convey but little to the minds of ordinary readers, some of whom have been known to object, upon the ground of impropriety, to hearing *bare* statements. There are certain statements, however, which, bare or not, interest all Englishmen proud of their great country. Foremost among these may undoubtedly be included statements concerning our chief industries, and the coaling industry in particular. In the year 1847, then, the quantity of coal annually consumed in London alone amounted to about three million and a-half tons; now the quantity annually required and supplied amounts to no less than sixteen million tons, and the question naturally arises—How is it all brought to town?

Briefly, in two ways. About one-half of the whole amount is supplied by rail; the other eight million or so of tons is conveyed into London by water. Of these eight million tons, about two millions are transferred to the Metropolis by means of steamers belonging to the gas companies, the remaining five or six millions by boats the property of firms such as that of Messrs. D. Radford and Co., of Messrs. Beadle Brothers, of J. and C. Harrison, Green, Holland and Sons, Mann, George and Co., G. J. Cockerell and Co., Lambert Brothers, and last, though perhaps first, the firm of Messrs. Cory and Son. These firms have now for various excellent reasons become amalgamated, and

MR. JUSTICE GRANTHAM.

One of the most striking figures on the Bench is Sir William Grantham, the *finesse* of whose countenance, however, would probably delude the students of Lavater, since it hardly corresponds with his character as it should, according to the elegantly named "*Physiognomische Fragmente zur Beförderung der Menschenkenntniss und Menschenliebe*": German is a pretty language. Mr. Justice Grantham's mind is intolerant of subtleties and paradoxes, and he is most useful when presiding over a Common Jury in a breach of promise case, where his jokes are rarely aimed above the heads of the twelve gentlemen ravished from their businesses to settle, for an insulting reward, those of other people in whom they take no interest. His lordship is careful that the jury shall not err for lack of guidance, and generally lets them know very early the strong view that he forms on the *ex pede Herculem* principle, applied in a fashion that would have staggered Pythagoras. His lordship, born in the year 1835, is a man of county family, and lives as a country gentleman at Barcombe Place, near Lewes, where his horses and dogs are well known by more than his servants. He was called by the Inner Temple in the year of the Great Exhibition, and fourteen years later took silk. As a junior he enjoyed a very large practice. Politics had no mean attraction for him, and, as was natural, he was a staunch Conservative. During twelve years he was an ornament of the House of



HOW COAL IS BROUGHT TO LONDON TOWN.—CHARLES DE LACY.

after the first of next month they will trade and be known solely under the title of Messrs. William Cory and Son, Limited.

The reasons for thus forming themselves into one great union are easy to understand. To begin with, the mere fact of all their business being transacted practically at one central office will considerably reduce expenditure all round. Then, the Derricks, or coaling-boats, hitherto the property of the different firms, will in future all be employed in the interests of the new organisation. Messrs. Cory, it may be well to mention here, are the originators of the new Derrick system of "quick discharge," a system with regard to which all persons interested in the coaling industry have, of course, already heard. These Derrick boats can at any time be seen at work at Messrs. Cory's headquarters at Charlton, and, owing to the adoption of the new system, some five thousand tons of coal can now be loaded into barges in the space of about twelve hours, thus affording a striking contrast to the mode of action still in vogue at Suez and at other coaling-stations where most of our large vessels renew their supply of coal.

The new coal-union, if one may so call it, though it in no way resembles a "ring," now owns five-and-twenty powerful steam-tugs, 1250 barges, more than thirty colliers, and many thousands of railway-trucks, the last-named being, of course, needed when coal has to be conveyed to out-of-the-way localities more or less inland. It is a wonderful scheme—a gigantic scheme, a scheme of which we may well feel proud in these days of American "smartness" and of keen American competition. And it seems but yesterday that a somewhat heated controversy was in progress respecting the merits and the demerits of sea-lighters, now so largely used by the firms in question. That these vessels are in reality the best obtainable has since been clearly proved, and the fact that the men themselves prefer them practically speaks for itself.

Commons, and the Primrose League owes much to his exertions. It was expected by not a few that he would enjoy the honour of becoming Attorney-General; but in 1885, when came the opportunity of appointing him, Sir Richard Webster, by no means a keen politician, was given the coveted office, which at this moment he is filling admirably. In 1886 Sir William was raised to the Bench. It would be unfair to suggest that his lordship is not a useful judge for the ordinary Common Jury cases; indeed, so far as they are concerned, his value is incontestable. Perhaps there are judges more sincerely beloved by the Bar, for Sir William is not very patient in listening to arguments which do not at first sight appear satisfactory to him.

SOME THINGS ONE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW ABOUT
"CYMBELINE."

How Iachimo got out of the trunk.

Who made the clock in Imogen's bedroom.

Whether it was her custom to sleep only four hours a-night.

If so, how she managed to maintain her complexion ("whiter than the sheets").

What was Cornelius's drug.

Whether he got it at Friar Laurence's cell in Verona.

Why Cymbeline, King of Britain, worshipped Jupiter.

How a Princess could be missing from Court for two days and no one know anything about it.

How, in the same time, Pisanio could get to Milford Haven and back.

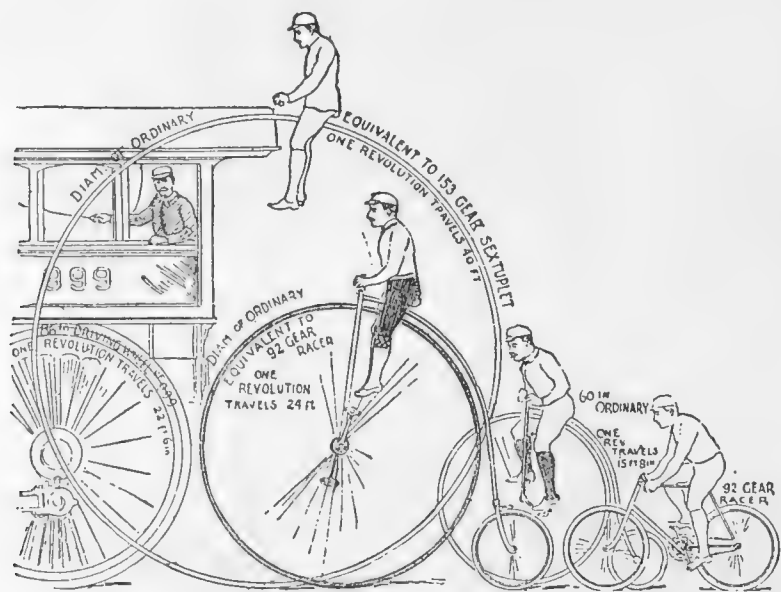
The real facts of the battle.

What Lord Wolsley thinks of Belarius as a strategist.

Whether Carlyle would not have called the *dramatis personæ* "mostly fools."

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

Of late the great army of cyclists, which increases weekly, almost daily, has manifested a distinct desire to know more about the "technique" of cycling—if I may so call it—than it has done ever since bicycling became a national pastime. "Gearing" is one of the subjects that chiefly commends itself to the new school of cyclists. Until about a year ago many men considered fond of cycling hardly knew the difference between a bearing and a hub, but now all signs of such ignorance are quickly disappearing. Most of our practical-minded bicyclists of to-day know that a machine built upon the "ordinary" pattern, a machine which would travel, say, some twenty-four feet for



one revolution of the pedals—supposing that such a machine could be ridden—would stand about on a par merely with a safety racer geared up to 90 or to 92. In like manner, supposing that an "ordinary" bicycle with a driving-wheel one revolution of which would make the machine cover forty feet, could be ridden by any human being, it would even then be equivalent only to a sextuplet geared up to about 153. A word to the wise is sufficient.

At length the bicycle's pernicious vice called "skidding" is to be stamped out. A very clever engineer tells me that a machine "warranted not to 'skid,' even upon the slipperiest of road-surfaces," is about to be placed on the market. No doubt, it will soon be placed upon the road too. The tyres, it appears, are made of solid metal and roughened. In order to absorb vibration, a pneumatic disc is introduced round the hub of each wheel, and these discs act in the same way as and possess all the advantages of the ordinary air tyre. In theory the principle is an excellent one, but whether it will give satisfaction when submitted to a practical test, and subjected to wear and tear, and to the best but severest test of all, the test of time, remains to be found out. Personally, I truly hope that it will, for barely six months ago I lost an absolutely new Beeston Humber, which suddenly "skidded" beneath the wheels of an omnibus, and was brutally crushed to death. And only last week my Columbia machine suddenly slipped up in Wardour Street and seriously injured its crank. And this reminds me to earnestly advise all cyclists to refrain as much as they possibly can from riding upon asphalt in wet or even in damp weather, as it is terribly risky.

I have it upon the best authority that the influx of motor vehicles, likely to occur after Nov. 15—upon which day the motor vehicle may legally be ridden in the open streets—is likely seriously to affect the price of mechanical cycles. It is very well for the Tory to remonstrate; for the pessimist to grumble. The auto-car and the motor-carriage are upon us, metaphorically, as they will soon be upon some of us very materially. And it is useless for the anti-reformer to strive to oppose the general adoption of the new motor vehicle. As well might he strive to stem the torrent of mighty Niagara itself. For we live in the midst of "progress," and "progress" has advanced into our midst.

The general manager of the Elswick Cycles Company tells me that high frames, and even higher, seem to be the prevailing taste, no less among men than ladies of the upper classes. Is the average height of the aristocracy greater than that of the middle and lower classes, we wonder? It looks like it.

The Stanley Show this year is going to be quite the event of the winter, so far as cycling is concerned. Among the most famous exhibitors will be found Elswick, Humber, the Coventry Machinists' Company, the John Griffiths Corporation, the Simpson Lever-Chain Company, the Dunlop Tyre Company, the Gladiator Company, and a host of others, while all our Yankee friends, headed by Columbia, will be there.

Several months ago I advocated in these columns the registration of cycles, as such registration would benefit cyclists themselves as well as the general public, by acting to a certain extent as a protection against the excesses of the scorching fraternity. It may not be generally known to readers of *The Sketch* that a system of registration is already in force in Germany. The first thing that has to be done when a wheel is bought in the Fatherland is to notify the fact to the police department. The law requires that the name and address of every cyclist be inscribed, and an annual payment of ten marks is imposed. A number is then given to the cyclist, who is obliged to place it in a conspicuous position—namely, on the cantle of the saddle. A rider given to scorching or to annoying the public in any other way while upon his wheel then promptly receives a summons to headquarters, where punishment is duly meted out. The registration figures are sufficiently large to be easily seen at a considerable distance, and the scorcher, therefore, has no chance of avoiding identification.

The terribly wet, muddy weather of the last few weeks has reminded us that mud-guards are not only a luxury, but a necessity. I met a friend, at a country railway-station the other day, on the back of whose coat was a stratum of mud half an inch thick, demonstrating the folly of leaving those small accessories behind. The reason for discarding mud-guards appears to be desire to avoid additional weight; but, after all, the weight of mud-guards is so trifling that it hardly needs consideration, except on the race-track.

A rider can scarcely be said to "look his best" when bespattered with mud, and some of us still retain a certain regard for our personal appearance. Moreover, from an economical point of view, it is wiser to save one's clothes even at the expense of a few more ounces of weight, and, in my opinion, the celluloid mud-guards are decidedly ornamental.

There are now few of our royalties who have not taken to the wheel. The latest convert to the bicycle is the Duchess of Connaught, whose daughters have ridden for some time. Indeed, it is quite the exception to meet with any members of the royal families of Europe who are not fond of cycling, excepting only the few who, from age or from ill-health, are unable to bestride the "bicyclette."

I hear that a new sort of "bicycle polo" is being played in New York. In this game no stick is used, and the ball is propelled by the front wheel of the machine. "Polo" of this kind is hardly likely to become popular over here, except among professional experts, for surely it requires a more than ordinary master of the machine, and is suggestive of too much danger, not only to the player himself, but also to his mount. Collisions must of necessity be of frequent occurrence, and a scrimmage on wheels too often proves fatal to such delicate pieces of mechanism as bicycles and bicyclists.

I hear that the Trafalgar Club, instituted by the Countess of Rosslyn, Lord Marcus Beresford, and other well-known leaders of "Society on Wheels," is fast gaining popularity, and that the number of members is increasing daily. Certainly it is a delightful resort for novices and experienced riders alike. Not only is an excellent track provided; luncheon-rooms and tea-rooms are to be found there, also a reading-room and tennis and croquet grounds.

THE SORROWS OF "JACK TAR."

Mr. Clark Russell's striking article on "Jack Tar" in the October number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* has caused much comment. A young seaman who has read it writes in strongest approval, and cites a confirmatory case from his own experience. Once, when he was "running the eastern down" it was necessary to reef the foresail. This is what happened—

All hands were called, and the foresail hauled up ready for reefing. One of the two men at the wheel was also called away to assist, leaving the master and one man at the wheel, all hands, including the officers, being occupied in reefing the foresail. Some of the gear requiring immediate attention, it became absolutely necessary for the master to go and "slack" it. During his absence he noticed that the helmsman (a German) was steering very wildly, and called to him to be more careful. The German, not having sufficient knowledge of English to understand what the master said, allowed the ship to "broach to," thereby causing a tremendous sea to break aboard, which swept house, boats, and all deck-fittings away, and greatly endangered the life of the master, who escaped only by mere chance. In this instance alone, would it not have saved the owners themselves a needless expense if they had manned their ship with British seamen, who would have understood the orders given? A great many readers will undoubtedly question why we could not have had an Englishman at the helm, but they must remember that every able seaman has to take his "trick" at the wheel, and, therefore, it is impossible always to have a "British Jack" there. A great many things nowadays bear the stamp "Made in Germany," but, clever as Germans are, they cannot turn out British seamen, such as have held their own for many centuries in an unrivalled supremacy over the seas.

At last, after a long and tedious voyage, we reached the port we were bound for, where we remained about two months, and then started on our homeward voyage, by way of Cape Horn, which we had just rounded when we had the misfortune to lose a man off the bowsprit, from which he missed his footing and fell overboard. The sea was fairly smooth, but out of all the crew, shame to have to say it, there were not more than three of the able seamen who volunteered for the boat. Two of them were English, the boat's crew having to be made up by the "boys," as the apprentices are termed at sea. These, many of them lads just fresh from home, have frequently to be called upon to do the work of the so-called able seamen in our merchant-ships.

MR. JOHN HARE: THE NEW ECCLES.

Having revived "The Hobby Horse" at the Grand Theatre last week, Mr. John Hare will give Islingtonians the benefit of seeing him as old Eccles for the first time at the end of this week. I have had a chat with him (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) on the subject.

"I was horribly nervous," he said with a laugh, "on the occasion of my first performance of Eccles a few weeks ago. But the audience were kind to me. It was an awful ordeal to go through, severer, perhaps, than any I have ever had to face before. You see, up to the present I have created my own parts, and have been unembarrassed by thoughts of tradition and popular preconceptions. When I appeared as Sam Gerridge, thirty years ago, I could realise the part according to my own fancy; no one had gone before me to make a tradition of the part. But here I was face to face with a character that has acquired a clearly defined form in the public mind. I knew how Robertson wished the part to be played, it is true, and I remembered having mentally pictured the way in which I might some day do it. But when I came to go over the well-remembered lines and to try and frame the character as I had imagined it—and as I thought Robertson wished it to be—then the tones of poor George Honey's voice echoed in my ears at every word, and the recollection of his magnificent performance seemed to paralyse me and cause me to lose control of my own identity."

The remembrance of old days at the Prince of Wales's and of figures that have played their part and made their last exit made the actor's voice tremble.

"You know, Eccles is an extremely difficult part. During the first two acts he has so little to do that the lines cover only a page or two at the most. Yet the words he utters and the business allotted to him are so pregnant of significance, they are such speaking indications of the man, that they call for the most anxious thought. And even when you have done your best with them, you feel that it is not till the third act, when the play has been going on for a couple of hours, that you get on terms with the audience. The suspense is almost intolerable. If you could only rush on the stage and enter *in medias res* there would be an end to the strain on your feelings; but to have to wait, at the utmost pitch of nervous expectation, for two hours, it is misery."

"But you felt you had the sympathy of the house?" I said.

"Certainly; but I recognised also that I was playing before people who knew 'Caste' as they knew their alphabet. The atmosphere was intensely critical, and we felt that the audience were comparing what they saw with all that they remembered, and that they would not let themselves go until they were compelled to do so by sheer force of conviction. I was happy for the other members of my company in the first two acts, for I could see they had taken the comedy in its right vein. Then, in the last act, when I heard the encouraging applause of the house, I felt happy for myself. By the way, I can hardly describe to you my feelings when I saw my son come on the stage as Gerridge, the counterpart of my old self, and influenced by the same temperament. It was like acting with a very substantial edition of my own ghost."

If I mistake not, this is the first time Sam Gerridge has been taken for a ghost. George D'Alroy is accustomed to the experience, but "not the man who smells of putty."

The conversation now turned on Mr. Hare's more aristocratic characters. The suggestion was thrown out that it was something of a *tour de force* for an actor to play characters so diverse as the Duke of St. Olpherts and Eccles.

"I am somewhat of the old way of thinking," Mr. Hare observed. "I know that the personality of the artist must affect his acting, and make him play one class of part better than another; but that does not prevent him, providing he knows his art, from presenting personages of various stations of life and of different, with at least a sufficient amount of probability to create illusion. I could cite you numerous instances of actors who are admirable in the most diverse characters."

"Garriek, for instance?" I suggested.

"Ah, yes; he was a wonderful man, great in comedy and tragedy alike. But it may be objected that what is true of a transcendent artist

like Garriek does not hold good of actors of average ability. Still, I strongly adhere to the view that any actor of fair endowments may do well in the most various parts. The player is a medium susceptible of a wonderful variety of impressions. Nor is it necessary that he should be of temperament similar to that of the part he acts. People say they like my Duke of St. Olpherts. I am fond of the part myself. Yet he is not a man whom in real life I should care to enter in the number of my friends. What I can say of him is this, that I can appreciate and, in a sense, sympathise with his attitude of thought. He is essentially human, and his epicureanism is the expression of a selfishness which he has been weak enough of will to gratify without restraint. Yet he is urbane, and not incapable of impulse for good or of admiration for characters more noble than his own. Selfishness is at the back of nearly all his actions. So it is in the case of Eccles. The lordly *roué* and the drunken chairman of harmonic meetings have this quality in common: the same human frailty is the basis of both their characters. They are both of them men whom we might come in contact with in real life. On this head, by the way, I may say that it is more difficult to differentiate characters of the same class than beings so widely different as the pair we are talking about. Men of a class have characteristics in

common, and the artist's highest art consists, in my opinion, in conveying a sense of difference of mental stamp, say, into two aristocratic rakes. With Eccles you are assisted by the make-up; people know the old tippler by the air of decrepitude, the unsteady gait, and the clothes. But, given two men of the same social position and similar habits, it is difficult in the extreme to suggest difference of personality. Yet no two men are alike. A subtle something that defies definition distinguishes the one from the other. This something it is the ambition of the conscientious artist to seize upon, and, by a delicate power of insinuation which he feels but cannot explain, infuse into his part and so confer upon it the crowning gift of identity. The mystery of personality: this it is that the comedian must find the secret of, otherwise his characters will be mere bundles of mannerisms."

Having reached this long-debated theme, we wondered at its complexity, quoted Diderot, and turned for a moment to consider the tendency of the modern drama.

"A matter that strikes me painfully," Mr. Hare observed, "is the indifference of the public to what I might call average plays. Fifteen years ago, a play of ordinary merit, possessing the essential of interest and well acted, would have commanded an audience, say, for a couple of months. It is not so now; at least, not so in London; I don't know how it may be in the provinces. When 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray' was produced, it was felt that Mr. Pinero had

struck a new note, clearly and emphatically, and people crowded to see the play. But that was an exceptional effort, and when 'The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith' was played—although, in my opinion, the work is finer, judged from a literary standpoint, than its predecessor—the interest displayed was only languid. Unless a play becomes a vogue and a rage, the public seems indifferent, and it is played to empty houses. A hunger for display has taken hold of the popular mind, and they must be tempted to the theatre by elaborate spectacular effects that are rather a triumph of the scenic artist and stage-carpenter than of the actor. He, poor wretch, is merely an accident in the midst of vulgar magnificence, for all magnificence is vulgar that detracts from the interest of the play itself. 'The play's the thing'; or rather, it ought to be. As a matter of fact, the setting is the interest; the artist is merely subordinate. A low form of comedy has also taken a strong hold on the popular fancy—a kind of entertainment bright and amusing, no doubt, but savouring rather of the concert-hall than the theatre. Yet the old playgoers are not dead, nor has their love for the legitimate drama left them. I look earnestly forward to the time when the old sanity will reassert itself."

Concluding on a lighter theme, Mr. Hare told an anecdote illustrative of the ignorance that exists in many minds concerning the real nature of the actor's calling. He had a new servant, very trustworthy but very ingenious. "Why have you to go to the theatre so much in the daytime?" he asked his master. "Oh, to try over the pieces and see that everyone knows his part," was the answer. "Why," said the man, astonished, "you haven't to learn what you say on the stage, have you?"



MR. HARE AS SAM GERRIDGE AND MRS. BANCROFT AS POLLY IN "CASTE."

Photo by Henry Ashdown.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

There seems to be a perfect unanimity among the various counties in favour of the abolition of the follow-on. The majority of them, too, would also like captains to be empowered to close their innings at any time during the course of a match.

These amendments do not promise to relieve the difficulty in regard to the decision of the County Cricket Championship. It appears perfectly clear to me that there can be no satisfaction until all the

counties agree to play an equal number of matches, and this can only be done—with fourteen counties engaged—by the prolongation of the season into September and by commencing some time in April.

I am afraid that the ideal state will never obtain. Many of our best amateur cricketers would find it almost impossible to turn out more frequently than they do, and, of course, the purpose would be defeated if some of the counties were obliged to place unrepresentative sides in the field.

It may sound harsh to say so, but I would prefer the re-classification of the counties, so as to leave only about eight in the First Division. When you come to think of it, there are no more than about that number with respectable chances for the championship. Indeed, looking at results, it would seem that



MR. W. PICKFORD.

Photo by Miell and Ridley, Bournemouth.

a championship embracing Yorkshire, Surrey, Lancashire, Middlesex, and perhaps Notts, would meet all demands.

Cricket is, however, a strange game, and nobody would be very greatly surprised to see counties like Sussex and Essex make a dangerous show. If Essex and Hampshire and Sussex can do nothing else, they can, at any rate, defeat the champions at times, and so affect the premiership for the others.

The carelessness with which what, at the time, appear trivial accidents are treated is demonstrated in the case of George Porter, the Derbyshire bowler. Porter, who is one of the biggest men to be found on a field of sport, had the misfortune to strain himself last summer; but he went on playing, with the result that now he is compelled to rest in the Derby Royal Infirmary till the end of the year.

There is no doubt that, had Porter been an amateur, he would have taken a little holiday from the game; but professionals cannot afford themselves this sort of luxury, because when they do not play they are not paid. A man of Porter's build should take great care of himself in a case like this. I trust to see him strong and well in the field again next year. He is one of the most popular men in the county.

FOOTBALL.

Nothing could be more curious than the form of the professional clubs this year. The Football League matches have furnished some most extraordinary results, a fact which will be readily accepted when I state that Sunderland are at the bottom of the list.

This is a terribly discouraging position for the old Champions to find themselves in. I do not think there was a more popular club in the country than Sunderland, and I am certain that no other club ever possessed a finer combination of men than represented Sunderland two or three years ago. Sunderland has a good many of these men left to them, but the difference is that these men are older than they were then, and some of them ought to have given up football a long time ago. Probably they would have been shunted had Sunderland been able to go the pace in a financial sense, but the apathy of the local spectators has been very striking, and I, for one, would not be in the least surprised to see a general smash-up before the end of the season.

Aston Villa are still the favourites for the First Division Championship, but the team is performing in nothing like the style that had been anticipated. The fact is that too much was expected of Aston Villa, and the fault rests with supporters of the club, who had advertised the world of the approach of a greatest team on earth. The players themselves eventually came to believe this, and when they started drawing instead of winning they lost faith in themselves and really threatened to collapse. Still, they are a very fine combination, and I fully expect them to win the championship again this year.

The Bolton Wanderers head the list, but I should not be in the least surprised at any time to see the team slide down pretty decisively. There does not appear sufficient solidity about it for hard, wear-and-tear, League football, and I expect a weakness will presently assert itself among the forwards. Sutcliffe is playing a champion game in goal, and unless Mr. G. B. Raikes do something big, the Bolton man will probably secure his international cup this season.

Football in the South is making very great progress. Perhaps the standard of play has not improved, so far as the Arsenal and Millwall are concerned; but some of the other clubs who, a little while ago, were very moderate, are now to be seriously reckoned with, as was evidenced by Rushden's victory over Woolwich Arsenal in the United League the

other day. This competition is proving very successful, for, although there are only eight clubs engaged, their equality amply compensates for any lack of quantity.

Blackheath's sensational defeat by Bristol the other day was a huge shock to "the club's" system. For Blackheath to open the season with a defeat is a most unusual circumstance. The club did not have its best team out, but the fifteen was sufficiently strong to make Bristol's performance exceedingly meritorious.

Mr. W. Pickford, whose portrait is given on this page, is generally believed to be far and away the best-informed man on all matters relating to Association football. He is a human volume of knowledge in regard to the rules, and, as he is a member of the Football Association, his talents are not lost to the football world. Mr. Pickford resides in Bournemouth, and is exceedingly popular with referees, who frequently visit him to discuss suggested amendments. OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

There is a big gathering of the Upper Ten at Newmarket this week for the Second October Meeting. Velasquez, who is certain to become a hot winter favourite for the Derby, which he should win for Lord Rosebery, is very likely to gain an easy victory for the Middle Park Plate. It is said Persimmon will not run for the Lowther Stakes, which may be won by Bay Ronald. For the Prendergast Stakes there will not be a big field. By-the-bye, Lord Durham has just had a private gallop made on his training-ground at Exning. This is bad news for the touts, as they cannot get within half a mile of the private track.

If Laodamia wins the Cesarewitch—and with a run I should take her to beat anything in the race—I think she would still be backed for the Cambridgeshire. However, the Newmarket men of observation think the Prince of Wales has a good chance of winning the shorter handicap with Thais. I know the stable thought the filly to be better than Persimmon before Ascot last year, and I also know that Thais was not quite herself on the Oaks Day. The stable ought to be able to get a line for Sir Visto, although the last-named can be improved, as he was not anything like cherry-ripe when he ran for the Jockey Club Stakes.

I learn, through a fairly reliable source, that the authorities are about to wage war against certain advertising tipsters who are alleged to have sent out losers to their clients and demand credit for having given winners. I think the sporting papers should require all tipsters who advertise to forward their selections to the papers each morning. By this means the public would get a handy check. True, some of the tipsters have adopted this plan for years, but many others continue to send a different horse to each subscriber, and next morning claim to have given the winner.

We are accustomed, at the beginning of each cross-country season, to hear rumours of fresh blood to be introduced. Perhaps it is too early yet for this cry to be heard, although the season is not two months ahead, and "mixed" meetings will be held in less than a month. The first of any great note in the South will take place at Sandown Park at the end of this month. In glancing through the entries for the steeplechases, I find that no horses new to the public in this connection are included. Waterford, Miss Baron, Deerstalker, Gauntlet, Philosopher (who, by-the-bye, is again in the ownership of Captain Ricardo), The Midshipmite, Howick, and others equally well known, find a place, but there are no new-comers yet. It may be that they will be introduced later on. With hurdle-racing it is different. The events for three-year-olds at the birth of each recurring season always attract a large number of animals that must necessarily be novices. But they are a sorry lot as a rule, mostly comprising animals that have been of no use at the "legitimate" game. It is so in the Three-Year-Old Hurdle Race at the meeting under notice. The majority of horses entered are almost unknown. A few exceptions are Golf Ball, Scourst, and Faughchin—three smart platers that may make good hurdlers.

The announcement is made in all seriousness by one of the daily sporting papers that the Duke of Marlborough is about to join the Turf. As a matter of fact, the Duke of Marlborough has run Barabbas several times this year, and his colours—olive-green, light-blue sleeves and cap—have been registered for many months. I believe, however, that his Grace will extend his stud next year, and that he will attend the big meetings more frequently. Lord Randolph Churchill, we all know, was fond of racing; but the Duke's aunt, Lady Wimborne, is strongly opposed to the Sport of Kings, and it was mainly through her influence that her son-in-law, Lord Rodney, gave up racing.

The South African millionaires are not heavy gamblers—at least, over horses. Mr. Barney Barnato prefers to look on; Mr. Wolf Joel likes to have a gamble; and I think Mr. Abe Bailey chances his luck occasionally to the tune of a trifle. Mr. Calvert, of West Australian fame, likes to be on a good thing, and, I believe, Mr. Martin D. Rucker, of bicycle fame, chances a few pounds occasionally. But none of the new recruits to the Turf are plungers, which is a good thing for sport, as they are not likely to readily tire of the game. The American owners, by-the-bye, are fond of planking it down.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE WORLD, THE MODE, AND THE WEARERS.

In all varieties of weather, grey days at Balmoral, or brilliant, typical October in Paris, the young Empress alike faithfully adhered to her favourite white for ceremonial and first appearances. It requires a complexion of extreme beauty and delicacy to stand so trying a test. But Alexandra Feodorovna possesses this among many other alluring personalities, and a white satin gown, in which the Czarina made her truly Imperial entry into Paris last Tuesday, was a triumph of skill in the art of becomingness. Always on the alert for fresh feats of millinery with which to blandish the feminine fancy, Paris modistes have seized and utilised the Imperial favour for white by largely introducing that charming fur known as *moutons*, which in white makes a particularly successful appearance on outdoor garments of all sorts, especially capes and cloaks for evening. Ermine will also put in its traditionally regal claim for notice; but, having failed to catch on to any serious extent last winter, the soft, velvety *moutons* will, I make no doubt, keep its premier place among the lighter winter furs.

Which reminds me, by the way, of an entirely seductive specimen of the short-jacket genus which I saw at Madame Oliver Holmes' smart Bond Street *salon* some days since. It was tight-fitting, with short basques made entirely of grey astrachan, and cloth sleeves of the same colour to match an admirably cut skirt. Wide revers of pinkish heliotrope velvet relieved the front of this dainty fur coat, and a jabot of butter-coloured lace completed its manifold attractions. I recommend this gown to the attention of smart women in search of a new winter effect. It possesses the further merit of being impossible to imitate in cheaper styles, and a suburban dressmaker, might struggle, but quite ineffectually, to transfer its *chic* to her own modest efforts. But in such hands as Oliver Holmes' this model, copied, say, in blue or purple cloth, with black astrachan, would be no less desirable than in the lighter tones of its original.

Naturally in these home-keeping afternoons of early dusk the *robe d'intérieur*, in which we daily figure at tea-time, becomes a matter of increased importance, together with the tea-gown, as I have before remarked. An unusually graceful example of this style is made *en Princesse* of fawn-colour Amazon cloth, which is cut down all around the neck to show a vest and front of rose-pink velours moiré, gathered fully in front and with ruffles of cream-coloured lace on the bodice. An embroidery of écarlé guipure edges the cloth, and a more useful style it would be difficult to discover, as the cloth and moiré can be combined in such endlessly charming contrasts of colour.

Cashmeres are being introduced once more, and very appropriately at this juncture, for no material drapes more easily, and our skirts grow apace in that essentially feminine manner of "fussiness." A purple cashmere, also seen at Oliver Holmes', and made on silk of its own shade, was slightly draped over each hip, fine steel embroideries adorning the bolero fronts, between which a delightfully soft front of white crêpe de Chine was deftly draped, long ends of the same falling in a sash at one side, on which violets and foliage were embroidered in natural colours. What an ideal frock, *par exemple* and *par parenthèse*, for an attractive widow in the more distant and consolable stages of mourning, with the cap-stage well passed, of course. A perfect picture-

gallery of ball-gowns for forthcoming festive evenings rewards a visit to Oliver Holmes', and one which almost describes itself without a sketch especially caught my wandering fancy. Three separate and distinct over-dresses of that ivory-spotted net technically yecept *point d'esprit* on ivory silk went to make up the skirt, on which narrow bias bands of palest green velvet are laid, while a flounce of net at edge is bordered with fairy wreaths of pink hawthorn. The bodice, similarly treated with crossed lines of the velvet and trails of the may-blossom, is the very incarnation of spring. Nor have I seen a more ideally sweet gown for

quite young girlhood in all my walks abroad. In the matter of evening-cloaks Madame Holmes is very strong, as will be seen from this illustration, which reproduces a garment of much splendour in raised emerald-green plush, with lapels of a paler shade bordered with skunk, bretelles of cut-jet and gold beads further enhancing this magnificent garment.

Apropos of the *moutons blanc* noticed earlier in this article, a theatre-cloak of peach-coloured moiré, trimmed with scarves of yellow Chantilly, was splendidly sleeved and collared by this fur, also at Holmes'. Of notable novelties generally, there is not indeed, I should think, a better-supplied *atelier* on either side of the Channel, for one is always sure of seeing there not alone the last cry of fashion, but the last cry as shared and seen by nobody else in the prescribed radius of fashion-makers.

Since joining the noble army of cyclists I find that only three things are necessary to attain that *joi de vivre* of which Ibsen talks so glibly—a pleasant roadside companion, a well-hung skirt, and a stick of chocolate. Granted all three, perhaps particularly the latter, and that elusive quality is grasped, at least for the space of a biking tour. Friends even may be false, and tailors fail, but the inner woman can count on the support of her chocolate-box in the hungriest moments. Cycling, indeed, jesting apart, should give a distinct impetus to the chocolate industry. I know dozens of people who never venture forth to take the air on wheels without a supply of this hunger-quelling condiment, which sustains the fainting spirit when no other staff of life is available. To the incomparable Fry, of Bristol, I owe many successfully assisted jaunts, and, talking of Fry, when passing lately through historic Bristol I went over the great factory which worthily represents the cocoa trade of Christendom, and was inducted with much awe into the mysteries of that "grateful and comforting" nectar to which modern life owes

one further luxury—and that a wholesome one. The tree of Trinidad and Ceylon sends here its famous beans to be pressed into our luxurious service in the "Cocoa Metropolis," and on the site of St. Bartholomew's ancient church, where "thick clouds of incense" were wont to scent the pious air, as old historians tell us, luscious fumes of Fry's Cocoa, in process of manufacture, now salute appreciative modern nostrils. Here were we shown the cocoa-bean roasted, the bean winnowed, the bean mixed with sugar-crystals, pounded into glittering atoms, the bean pressed—the bean, in fact, variously enacted, until it presents itself finally in toothsome evolutions, whether of plain and cream chocolate or the concentrated cocoa of our daily needs as it issues from those busy Bristol mills, which are such factors in our hygienic well-being to-day. Never before could I have realised that the morning cup of chocolate had passed through so many refining stages until it reached one from the packet of the only Fry; no more, probably, than do our lounging golden youth, ensconced in a window at White's, remember, if



GREEN PLUSH CLOAK OF MADAME OLIVER HOLMES.

they even know, that this club of clubs is the direct successor of White's Chocolate House, made doubly famous by Hogarth—in the fourth picture of his delectable "Rake's Progress"—and much frequented for the dual delights of eucbre and chocolate-drinking in those old, old days. From all of which it would seem that, though life may be short, the art of cocoa-making is long, and, moreover, that Fry's, of Bristol, may point with pride to having popularised with the modern million this "cheerful cup," which at one time was the mere luxury of the fop or the valetudinarian.

SYBIL.

HOW "THE BELLE OF CAIRO" DRESSES.

The Belle herself, otherwise Nephthys, otherwise Miss May Yohe, does not go in for fashionable attire, for, as the daughter of the carpet-merchant of Cairo, she is first robed in flame-coloured draperies, ablaze with strings of emeralds and pearls. And no more effective setting could be designed for her strangely piquant face and dark hair.

In fact, she makes a lovely picture as she leans out from the half-curtained window to drop the signal handkerchief to her soldier-lover beneath—a new Juliet in an Eastern setting, and with the sunset glow behind her deepening into purple.

Afterwards, as the boy bugler, with high boots, white breeches, and blue shirt, or, again, in a trim white suit adorned with gold buttons, and with a bugle slung over her shoulder, Miss Yohe looks bewitching; and, afterwards—strange contrast!—she dons the quaintest early Victorian costume imaginable. It is of white silk, flowered with pale blossoms, while a gauzy pink scarf is draped round the shoulders, and, for this occasion only, Miss Yohe has parted her dark hair sleekly in the middle, in order to be in keeping with the huge white bonnet, with its cascades of lace, its high, nodding plumes, and its frame of pink roses.

Could anyone desire greater variety?

But of up-to-date fashionable attire there is a goodly array, the most notable gowns being worn by Miss Ethel Earle as Lady Molly Rosemere. She arrives at the Cairo hotel in a smart white cloth costume, the coat frogged with white braid, and its short, full basque held in by a band of gold galon. It opens over a waistcoat of orange velvet appliqué with white lace, and softened with a cravat of white tulle; and with this desirable dress is worn a white sailor-hat, its brim lined with black moiré and its crown hidden by a double ruffle of white silk edged with black ribbon-velvet. Just at the back some waxen-white gardenias nestle against the hair.

But her second gown is lovelier still, as you can imagine if you look at our sketch. The skirt is of white satin, patterned with groups of stripes, which merge from an imposing breadth and a deep shade of pink into a mere line with only a suggestion of colour.

And the arrangement of these stripes is worthy of special consideration.

Wedded to this skirt is a bodice of foamy pink chiffon, with an exquisite floral design in real lace appliqué straying over the front, and elbow-sleeves which—alas!—are quite tight. This fact is mercifully concealed, however, as far as the shoulders are concerned, by the presence of a delightfully *chic* little cape of white satin, very short and full, and turned back from the front with tiny cascade revers of pink satin and lace. In fact, it displays the whole front of that very charming bodice, and is merely fastened at the shoulders—on one side with a long-ended bow of black ribbon-velvet, and on the other with a cluster of pale-pink roses. Crowning all is a white hat tilted up at one side with a mass of roses, while more roses encircle the crown with their full-blown loveliness.

Altogether a perfect costume, but Miss Earle looks just as charming in the disguise of a boy and a smart black suit which her father mistakes for her bicycling costume!

Miss Milly Thorne, as the soulful Lady Ermentrude, wears first a sage-green canvas dress, the zouave bodice bordered with an appliqué of lace, and opening over a full under-bodice of tea-rose yellow mousseline de soie, banded in at the waist with white satin, tied in front in a big bow. Pale-blue velvet is used to trim her black hat, and an important item in the costume is a petticoat, with many lines of blue ribbon run through its lovely laciness. In fact, the petticoats are all beautiful—even the maid, in sober grey attire, discloses, in the excitement of the dance, a pink silk petticoat, all petal-shaped frills and soft ruches.

Lady Ermentrude's second gown is of blue moiré, the bodice fastened across a vest of white chiffon, with straps of black velvet-ribbon and diamond buttons, and there is black velvet at the neck and waist. She, too, has a smart little cape—in this case of white satin, adorned with ruchings of white tulle, and her black hat is relieved with touches of blue and a spreading Paradise osprey. Her final appearance is made in a linen skirt of pale-biscuit hue, and an equally pale yellow shirt, spotted with black, its severe and tight-sleeved simplicity relieved by a great bow of terra-cotta silk, which begins its career at the neck, and, after being confined at the waist by a belt of gold galon, falls in long ends to the hem of the skirt. A boat-shaped hat with a band of terra-cotta velvet and a cluster of coq-feathers gives the finishing touch.

Some of the "American visitors," too, wear pretty frocks—a tan alpaca, for instance, having a cascade of lace to guard a vest of turquoise-blue chiffon, and a very dark blue cloth boasting of an appliqué of green chiné silk on the bolero bodice and the short basques, and a vest of white satin spotted with gold. A hat of rose-pink straw trimmed with black is worn with this dress, and, altogether, the new Court piece can hold its own in the present array of "dress" pieces.

At the Comedy, too, "The White Stocking" first presents us with

Miss Elliot-Page in an old-world gown of pale-mauve brocade and a petticoat of yellow satin, with soft laces on the corsage, where one pink rose has found a place, and a mauve ribbon tying up her brown hair; and then "Mr. Martin" brings Miss Lottie Venne and the latest fashions in his train.

Miss Venne shows the new sac-coat, short to the waist and devoid of shape both in front and at the back.

But when such shapelessness as this is cut by a master-hand and worn by a smart woman the effect is very good.

The material is dark-green cloth, and both coat and skirt are trimmed with tabs of cloth outlined with fine black and gold braid and fastened with gold buttons, while a high collar of chinchilla, a muff to match, and a velvet toque, where touches of chinchilla are cunningly introduced with coq-feathers, all give a wintry cosiness to the costume.

An evening-dress of pale-mauve brocade, trimmed with two shades of tulle to match and some exquisite jewelled passementerie, has a



[Copyright.]

MISS ETHEL EARLE IN ACT I. OF "THE BELLE OF CAIRO."

handsome lace scarf caught into a jewelled waistband and then falling far down the skirt; Miss Venne's other dress being in black satin, veiled with jet-embroidered lisse, and the satin train falling from a big bow outlined with ruchings of net. Of course, the bodice is provided with a bolero, its white satin surface almost covered with an embroidery of jet and steel.

Miss Jessie Bateman is a charmingly pretty girl, and she looks refreshingly sweet in two very simple gowns, one of blue serge, with a pink shirt and black tie, and the other of white satin, with one huge chrysanthemum resting in all its ragged loveliness on the left shoulder.

Miss Nina Boucicault is also provided with a white evening-dress, the skirt of moiré and the bodice of softly shirred chiffon; and a very striking gown, worn in the first act, is of orange-yellow satin, the bodice adorned with roses, shading from deepest crimson to pink, and some touches of black velvet and white tulle making this study in contrasts more striking still.

And yet there are more new plays to come, and they nearly all promise to provide us with a further series of animated fashion-plates for admiration and imitation.

FLORENCE.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Oct. 28.

THE DISTRICT RAILWAY RIG.

The wild-cat scheme by which District Railway ordinary has been pushed up nearly ten points is now pretty well public property. We have heard of deep-level mining, but it has been reserved for stock manipulators to impose upon the public a "deep-level" railway. The results so far achieved by the Rand deep-levels do not encourage the prospects of the same sort of thing in London, and we make bold to say we do not believe the District Railway scheme is anything but a clever market dodge. When, if ever, it is carried out, we shall perhaps be converted, for although, as Carlyle has told us, the world consists of two classes, fools and knaves, mostly fools, we find it very difficult to realise that even fools will be found foolish enough to provide the required funds on the proposed terms. The District Railway suffers from two complaints—the first, too little traffic, the second, too many directors—neither of which, as far as we can see, will be cured by the deep-level proposal.

THE KAFFIR CIRCUS.

Last week was a most depressing one on this market, and a general decline in prices took place. This slump seems to have been brought about by the difficulties of a prominent French operator in Kaffir shares. It created a very disagreeable feeling on the market, and at one stage it seemed as if serious consequences would follow. Strength was, however, again imparted to the market when it became known that the connections of this gentleman, who are wealthy and influential, had come to the rescue. It is expected, nevertheless, that the public will be very chary in their purchases for some little time in view of the unsettled conditions.

The results of the crushings to hand for the month of September do not compare very favourably with those of the preceding month. In the majority of cases the yields show decreases, some of which are somewhat heavy. Among the most notable are 939 oz. in Sheba, 893 oz. in Wemmer, 826 oz. in City and Suburban, 531 oz. in New Croesus, and 400 oz. in Salisbury. There are not wanting signs that the big houses will support the market, but although sound dividend-payers and the best of the deep levels may perhaps be bought to a profit, it is no time to purchase rubbish and "wild-cats," which it is certain the Barnatos and Robinsons will never support.

CHAFFEY BROTHERS.

There is, we fear, a poor outlook for the debenture-holders of this company. It will be remembered that it was formed in 1887, under what some people imagined were influential auspices, to acquire irrigation rights upon 250,000 acres of land at Mildura, Victoria, and also to develop a settlement in South Australia. The object of the company was to effect sales of its land and invite settlers with the view of developing the districts. The company has come to grief, and, as far as can be gathered from the proceedings that took place at the meeting of debenture-holders held last week at the offices of the Official Receiver, there does not appear much hope of this unfortunate body receiving more than ten shillings in the pound. The claims of the debenture-holders amount to about £176,000, and it appears that the object of the meeting was to consider a proposal which had been made to grant an option for four months to a Melbourne gentleman to purchase the interest of the debenture-holders in the assets of the company for £100,000. This offer, after providing for the necessary expenses, would yield a net sum of about £86,000 to £88,000, which would be sufficient to pay ten shillings in the pound on the claims. After a good deal of discussion, a resolution was eventually adopted empowering the trustees to grant a four months' option to purchase the debenture-holders' interest for a net sum of £80,000 clear of all deductions and liabilities of any kind. In the event of the offer not being accepted by the intending purchaser, an alternative resolution was also passed accepting the original offer of £100,000. The history of this company has been a very curious one. Its object was, of course, a most laudable one; but, as events have shown, it would have been better suited for a philanthropic than for a commercial undertaking. The company had friends who puffed it unduly in the latter capacity, and—*hinc illæ lachrymæ*.

STANDARD BANK OF SOUTH AFRICA.

Despite the unsettled condition of affairs which has prevailed in South Africa during the current year, the directors of this institution have been able to declare the usual dividend and bonus, representing 16 per cent. per annum. At the ordinary General Meeting held last week, the chairman, Sir W. C. F. Robinson, was in the happy position of being able to tell the shareholders that the bank never occupied a stronger position than it did at the present time. He furnished some very interesting figures, showing the wonderful strides being made in the gold industry of South Africa. In August 1892 the output was 103,322 oz.; in August 1893, 136,069 oz.; in August 1894, 174,977 oz.; while in August 1895 the return was no less than 203,575 oz. The bank has a very strong footing in the country, and as developments proceed it will doubtless participate in all the advantages which naturally follow. In view of the bank having been able to hold its own during the trying times of late, the directors may reasonably be expected to give a good account of themselves when they next appear before the shareholders, seeing that business conditions in South Africa are settling down into their normal state. Various competitors have started up of late years to seek for a share in the lucrative business in South Africa, but none of them as yet has been able to affect the position of the Standard Bank.

THE GRAND TRUNK REPORT.

Once upon a time there was no report more eagerly and anxiously looked for than that of the Grand Trunk Railway. Now there is comparatively little interest attached to its issue. On the whole, we regard this change of sentiment as an improvement. There has been a complete alteration of executive, and the new administrators are entitled to a period of quiescence, in order to let them have a fair chance of retrieving the maladministration of past years. The task they have undertaken is a stiff one, but it is satisfactory to know that the present Board is devoting its energies to practical work rather than to fantastic finance. The accounts are now intelligible, and we are not without hope that in the course of time it will be found practicable to reorganise the capital on a rational basis. All classes of shareholders would have to be fairly treated, of course; but some of the junior securities have come perilously near to the point at which a certificate for £100 of stock is given away with a pound of tea.

WEST AUSTRALIA.

By a curious coincidence our correspondent sends us the letter which we print below, at a time when it looks not improbable that "The day of reckoning" is about as near on this side of the water as on the other. We hope our readers will not misunderstand us; we do not desire to run



MR. BURBANK, DISCOVERER OF BURBANK'S BIRTHDAY GIFT.

Photo by Yeoman and Co., Richmond, Victoria.

down any of the sound West Australian Mines—and we know many such exist—but we do say that the present is not a time in which prudent persons should be "running" mining shares from Account to Account, especially if at a pinch they cannot pay for them.

The accounts which reach us from the Wealth of Nations are very satisfactory, while the striking of water in Menzies Golden Age is an event which, at any other time, would have produced a sharp rise in the price of the shares. We are able to present to our readers a portrait of Mr. Burbank, of "Birthday Gift" fame, for the lifelike nature of which we can vouch.

There are some mining properties that slumps make very little difference to, and Burbank's Birthday Gift is one of that sort. Nobody has bought these shares on our advice for a *quick profit*, but we are glad to say that the crushings have justified our recommendation, and we feel confident that in the long run those who have bought or buy below 2 will be rewarded in the way of good dividends, and, in addition, see increased capital value.

The Westralian Market is, as a whole, in a very unsatisfactory state. There is too much finance company support, too many pooled shares, and, above all, too little real public buying; but the whole face of matters might change at any moment, and there are not signs wanting that at the present depressed level of prices the little investor is inclined to come in.

THE DAY OF RECKONING.

A great many people in Western Australia imagine that the boom is going to last for ever. Some people are always like this. They are the people who bought Brush Lights at 45, who went into Cedulas at 80 and Charteredds at 9½. They are such nice, amiable people—why are fools always such good company, and where do they get the money from? Does God always keep on making fools? I suppose so. There is a plentiful supply of them in Western Australia. There were a good many in Melbourne some years back, when the land boom was at its height. These fools have just been booming the Gordon line—all on the strength of sundry rich specimens, which may have come from the Gordon mine and which, again, may not.

These dear, sweet people, lured by fictitious premiums, have been applying for shares in Gordon companies in a most alarming manner. They now have the stock, which must be most unpleasant. The way local companies are floated in the Colonies would be ridiculous if it were not dangerous. A man with some lease on which he cannot comply with the labour conditions goes to a stockbroker and registers a company on the no liability principle, which means that if you want to pay you can and if you don't you needn't. It is reducing the limited liability system to its logical conclusion, and some comic results turn up in the process. Adelaide—that home of the staid in the days before Broken Hill—is

the great manufactory for the No Liability mine. I say manufactory advisedly, because the Adelaide people manufacture mines for export to the other Colonies and to England. Well, this man, whom I had almost forgotten, with his stockbroker, makes a No Liability company. So many shares are allotted for Perth, so many for Coolgardie, so many for Melbourne and Sydney, and the rest for Adelaide. The shares may be 5s., 10s., or 20s. nominal value, but they are nearly always 6d. upon application and 6d. upon allotment.

This is not ruinous. It enables the domestic servant to gamble. The working capital hardly ever exceeds £5000, and is often much less. All the stockbrokers put their clients in—as stags. Most of them remain in. But the position does not entail any serious liability. The law cannot make you pay if you don't want to. The company is floated, and if the managers can find any very confiding machinery-maker a battery is sent out. In the early days this was always done. The Murchison is full of Colonial batteries put up on easy terms—very easy. Colonial engineers are now too busy to take orders without cash, so there are less 5-head atrocities erected than there were two years ago. But a battery is not essential to the success of the scheme. Nothing is really essential except the domestic servant and the stockbroker. The mine is floated and work commenced. A rigid Government compels work. The premium vanishes, and the shareholders are face to face with the secretary and his perpetual calls.

At first everybody pays with much regularity. The papers are filled with glowing reports from the manager, who can always tell lies even if he doesn't know a foot from a hanging-wall. As the calls become more difficult to collect, so the lies increase in vigour. At last the shareholders get sick, and then those in charge play the trump card—"The mine is under offer to an English company." This puts new heart into everybody; so much cash, so many shares. It is quicker than mining, and the English money is a dead sure thing in most cases. The mine usually remains "under offer" until the last penny has been extracted, and then, and not till then, do the managers really begin to negotiate. The English buyer is the only really substantial person in the show. He is the point of attack, not the mine. The mine was never started with the idea of working it. It was opened simply and solely for the London market. The sixpenny-share dodge enabled the greedy promoter to get enough money out of the public to prospect and open up. He knew that he could never work his claim with a few thousands; he never intended to. If by chance the mine happened to be rich, he took precious good care to pick out the eyes, always, of course, leaving just enough rich stone to sell upon. If he could get a battery, he crushed the best rock he could find. If he couldn't get hold of a battery, he dollied the richer quartz—a slow process, but one which saves more gold than any Colonial battery ever built.

This game has been going on in Western Australia for some time past, and the end has almost come. There are now hundreds of claims floated locally, some good, most of them doubtful, few perhaps really as bad as many of the English mines, for the Colonial, with all his faults, does know a good mine when he sees it. All these claims are bankrupt; they must shut up or sell to England. And just at the moment England is full up, and won't buy any more properties. Therefore, the fate in store for these Colonial companies is not a happy one. Liquidation awaits them. They could not under any circumstance raise another penny at home. Adelaide is up to the neck in West Australian mines. Perth has not got any money, and if she had she would prefer dabbling in real estate and running up corner blocks to investing in mines. Coolgardie, a lively little gambling centre, is also full up. Melbourne has never been much good; she lost all her money in land; and Sydney, warned by the wicked Archbold of the *Bulletin*, has kept her money for her own mines, of which she has plenty. Now that England is full up also, what will Western Australia do?

I am afraid the prospect is not bright. I am afraid that within six months at least half the mines in Western Australia—I mean those floated in the Colonies—will have shut down for lack of working capital. There is really no help for the wretched creatures. They have got no money, and those shareholders who won't pay can't be made to. So the mine must close down, and this will be the golden opportunity for the greedy capitalist with a few thousands to speculate with. In six months' time he will be able to buy fully proved properties for hundreds where to-day he would be asked thousands. Indeed, I very much doubt whether he need even pay hundreds. The law here is so exquisitely arranged that "jumping" is a fine art, and the labour conditions are so onerous that a needy company cannot man its leases, and must either sell or see them "jumped." Local people cannot "jump" unless they have enough money to pay for labour, and so the capitalist will step in and "jump"—at least, that is what I expect will happen.

Gold-mining is one of the most expensive businesses in the world. Were it otherwise, gold would not sell at 44 4s. an ounce. No mine can be properly opened up without a working capital of at least £30,000 pounds. How, then, can the little local company, with its paltry £5000, nominal and vague, hope to succeed? It is doomed to collapse from the first day it starts. Absolutely nothing can save these mines. Good as many of them undoubtedly are, they cannot exist without working capital, and this they are using day by day. Most of them are even now upon their last legs, and the recent slump in the London market has destroyed confidence in Adelaide and Coolgardie, and the money-bags of the domestic servant are closed—for the time being.

I am not in any way disparaging the mines of Western Australia when I say that a collapse is inevitable. The mines themselves are good enough, and, carefully managed, would most of them pay splendidly. I am merely pointing out the position we have now arrived at. Our working capitals are exhausted, and we must shut down or get more money, which must come from England. You in England know that there is not much chance of this except for properties which are brought out by the big Westralian groups. These groups prefer to spend their purchase money upon prospects, and not upon so-called Colonial mines, which are simply badly developed prospects. They are quite wise. It is not often that a Lake View can be bought upon the terms Charles Kaufman procured that celebrated property.

There are not many Lake Views knocking about, and unless a mine is as rich as the Lake View it is better to leave it alone and buy it at your own price than to risk sixty or seventy thousand in a grand coup. Our little boom is over and the summer is coming upon us: water is sure to rise in price, and without water we are helpless. Crashings will fall off, and prices will droop. This is more or less inevitable. November, December, and January are the worst months here. December is a month of holiday-making, and a general exemption is given, and the miner insists upon getting as drunk as he can. It is not a good month in which to boom. The Day of Reckoning is coming along, and I prophesy that it will reach us in the warm, sultry days of November. Speculators will be busy next year picking up the dead and dying. Till then they will wisely hold their hands and button up their pockets.

RIO TINTO.

We have a very strong "tip" that "Tintos" are going higher; the conversion of the debenture debt has saved the company £74,000 a-year, the processes of extraction have vastly improved, and people behind the scenes tell us that the shares will see 30 at no distant date. We do not vouch for such sanguine estimates, but we believe them to be a good speculation.

NEW ISSUES.

Clément, Gladiator, and Humber (France), Limited.—The long-expected combination of the leading French cycle-manufacturers, under the above title, is at last out, and the prospectus appears to read very well. The Board is certainly a powerful one, while the certificate of past profits is sufficiently definite to make dividends for the near future appear reasonably safe. The promotion is in the hands which engineered so successfully the great Dunlop deal, which in itself is sufficient guarantee that the big-wigs of the cycle world are interested in the permanent success of the company. Even in these depressed times there will probably be a large subscription.

Harnsworth Brothers, Limited.—This company, to which we have alluded in previous issues, is, we understand, to appear next week. The capital, as we said on Sept. 30 last, is to be £1,000,000, half in ordinary, half in 5 per cent. preference shares, the latter of which only are to be offered to the public. They will, of course, be subscribed for several times over. The advertising of the prospectus has, we hear, been entrusted to Mr. Walter Judd, and Mr. Alfred Harnsworth has shown his invariable discernment in this as in other matters by entrusting his advertising to the agent who so skilfully handled several of the late big creations.

Saturday, Oct. 10, 1896.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the "City Editor, 'The Sketch' Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

CARRIG.—We can learn nothing about No. 1. (2) Very speculative. (3) Has an unsavoury name in the market. (4) A fair concern. (5) We should say the Tontine policy was quite safe.

E. G.—The issue is a small one: the company is comparatively new, the trustees for the debenture-holders are not popular in the market, and the company is quite unknown so far as the general public is concerned. We have not a prospectus before us, but believe the debentures are fairly secured.

NEMO.—(1) Said to be under the management of Teddy Beale. (2) We doubt it. (3) C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, pref. shares, Rio Tinto, Gas Light and Coke A stock, and Johannis. (4) See last week's "Notes." We can only give names of brokers in a private letter.

NOX.—(1) Rubbish. (2) Has a fair reputation in the market, but we have no special information. (3) Good, but the Kaffir Market is very unsettled. The shares will probably rise on the first general improvement.

D. L. P.—We suppose you mean the Harvey Steel Company of Great Britain, Limited. The accounts are made up to Sept. 30, and are not out for this year yet. We believe the dividend was 31 per cent. last year.

CAPEL COURT.—(1) If you mean by the papers published by Ingram Brothers the *Illustrated London News*, *The Sketch*, &c., we can safely say, No. If you mean papers in which they are interested, Yes. (2) At the beginning of next month. (3) We will send you an early prospectus.

C. S.—We are not in love with it. The assets consist almost entirely of goodwill; but we understand the trading will show a good profit.

A. H. B.—If any nitrate company can make a profit, this one should do so; but the whole thing depends on the price of the article which the company has to sell. We are not experts in the manure trade.

W. H. S.—We think you cannot sell, so you must hold on. We have no special information.

E. Y. O.—(1) Get out on any little rise. (2) We should hold; but, of course, they may go lower in a general slump. There is a question of whether they have enough working capital. (4 and 5) are rubbish. (3) The mine has proved disappointing, but always rises with a Kaffir boom. Neither firm whose circular you send is, in our opinion, proper to deal with.

W. C.—We have not got the prospectus before us, but, apart from the fact that there is no free market in London, we see no reason to doubt the debentures being as good as the majority of small brewery concerns.

SARUM.—We do not see any reason for an increase in the price of East London Third Debenture stock, or that it is likely to prove a good investment. The price is 6 to 11. (2) The drawings are, we believe, fairly conducted.

FACTA.—Provided the arrangement is capable of proof, your transactions were merely gambling ones, and you could not have recovered from him, nor can he recover from you. Tell him that if he takes legal proceedings, you will plead the Gaming Act, and offer to pay by monthly instalments. The broker is pretty sure to accept, and if he does not, consult a good solicitor.

C. C. H.—Hold Menzies Golden Age. The mine is all right, and now that they have struck water they can proceed to erect machinery. As to Forrest Kings we are more doubtful, but the people who gave us the tip still tell us it is a good mine. We cannot get you Harnsworth Brothers shares, but if you apply for a few you will probably get them. There is a further newspaper amalgamation coming out early next month, in which we will get you an allotment, if possible. You are too late for Bovril shares, as you will see by the papers. The concern has been purchased by Mr. E. T. Hooley, of Dunlop fame, for about £5 a-share.

HELP.—We believe the concern to be a bad egg, but, if there was a revival in Kaffirs, its shares might rise.

J. M. L.—(1) Send us a copy of the investment clause of the trust deed; your account of its provisions is too vague. (2) C. Arthur Pearson's 5½ pref. shares, Gas Light and Coke A stock, Imperial Continental Gas stock, Simpson and McPherson Brewery Debentures, and Freehold Trust of Australia shares.

CYCLOMETER.—(1) We should hold Dunlop deferred, as we have exactly the same idea as you express about them. (2) Probably they will carry the French shares with them. (3) Very fishy, but an old trick.

J. H. M.—(1) You shall have a prospectus in due course. (2) 3s. 9d. or 5s. premium. When the settlement is granted the shares will be quoted. Application has been made.

AXAX.—We hardly like to advise the purchase unless you are prepared to run a risk with the chance of a fair profit. The company is doing well, but the expenses are very heavy, and we do not expect a dividend this year. (2) Get out on a reasonable profit, but don't sell unless you can get it.

CARDIFF.—The concern has proved a very unsatisfactory affair. No sooner was it floated than the relations of this country with Germany became strained. Then the directors quarrelled with the promoter, and the concessions were not transferred for a long time. We understand that all difficulties are overcome, and that an expedition has been sent out to prospect the country. This sort of enterprise is out of favour, and we fear there is no market.

THERMO.—When you have a sum of money to invest, and tell us so, we will send you a list of investments which will give you comparative safety and a fair rate of interest; but to do this now would be futile, because some prices might be higher and some lower when you came to act upon our advice. We think you will have to be content with 4 or 4½ per cent. if you want "practically absolute safety." Most people would tell you 3 or 3½ per cent.

SPECULATOR.—(1) We have a strong "tip" to buy Rio Tinto shares for a good rise, and have taken it ourselves. (2) Average your Hannan's Reward.

A. J. H.—You have, no doubt, ere now received the circular telling you that C. Arthur Pearson certificates are ready for exchange against bank receipts. 4500 such documents take some time to prepare, sign, and seal.